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THE WIFE OF THE BLIND MAN

By ELLEN THORNEYCROFT FOWLER

WITH DRAWINGS BY B. MARTIN JUSTICE

"Though harps be dumb and crowns be dim,
I care not if I comfort him."—Not Forsaken.

RACHEL, my love," said old Mr. Weatherley, "perhaps Ethel would take a dish of tea with us if we could induce our hyperpunctual handmaid to bring it before the appointed time."

Mrs. Weatherley smiled. "I will ring, dear, and see what we can do," she replied in her gentle voice; "but, as you know, our good Martha cannot endure an irregularity of any sort."

"Oh! the land of bondage that we live in—we unfortunate men whose homes are ruled by women," cried the dear old gentleman, gleefully rubbing his hands together.

But here I chimed in. "Please don't order tea any earlier on my account, Mrs. Weatherley, for I really am not in the slightest hurry. I was only afraid you might find the 'linked sweetness' of my visitation 'drawn out' a little too long, and that is why I made attempts at departure."

"Sit down, my dear Ethel, sit down," cried Mr. Weatherley; "do we ever find the sunset comes too late even on the longest day?"

"That is very pretty of you!" I replied; "now I shall stay and enjoy myself. But what a pity that you rang to order tea earlier!"

"Not at all, not at all! It will not make a shadow of difference. My wife may order the tea—as King Canute ordered the tide—at whatsoever hour seemeth good to her; but the tea and the tide will still come in at the time appointed to them, by Nature and Martha respectively. Great laws, my dear young lady, are not set aside to please every careless petitioner."

I laughed. "You knock under shockingly to Martha," I said. "You should resist her oftener."

"Nay; I wisely submit to the inevitable, and bow before a power greater than myself. And so does my wife. We never dare to defy Martha, do we, my dear?" he said, taking Mrs. Weatherley's withered hand in his.

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Mrs. Weatherley smiled without speaking. She never spoke unless she was compelled to do so; but the cheerful, garrulous old gentleman talked enough for both.

I do not think I ever saw a more devoted couple than the Weatherleys. Fortunatus Weatherley was still a handsome man, and must have been a perfect demigod in his youth; but, alas! an accident, which occurred shortly before his marriage, had rendered him stone blind. His wife was a gentle, faded, elegant woman, whose whole nature seemed to be absorbed by her intense passion for her husband. Verily she was eyes to the blind; for she read to him, listened to him, tended him with unceasing care. And although she was so quiet, one felt it was not because she had nothing to say. She was one of the women who remind one of Elise's shop-window: not much show, but any amount of prestige. There was nothing modern about the Weatherleys—they would have scorned the idea; he cared for Addison and old port, and she for real lace and gardening; but, above all, they cared for each other—perhaps an equally old-fashioned taste.

Reading aloud to Mr. Weatherley was a liberal education to me, who, alas! in those days, was terribly up-to-date. He would not listen to modern novels, which were as meat and drink to my intellectual palate; he preferred style to plot, and good English to mental analysis. He would rather discover the origin of a word than vivisect a woman's feelings; and he appeared to regard the fathers and schoolmen as greater authorities than the leader-writers of the daily papers. He was a most cultured old gentleman, and had long ago won my respect and love.

"Do you ever wonder what people's minds would look like if you could see inside them?" I asked him one day.

"No, my dear; no. What a very peculiar idea! What a strange notion!"

"Well, I know what yours is like," I continued.

"Do you, indeed? Pray tell me," he requested politely.

"Your mind is exactly like an old library; it is full of books bound in vellum and written in Latin, and its air is the atmosphere of culture and refinement. But it is just a bit—a very little bit—stuffy, don't you know? It wants to have its windows opened to let in the fresh breezes of to-day."

Mr. Weatherley laughed. "Very good, very good indeed! Now shall I tell you what your mind is like, my dear young lady?"

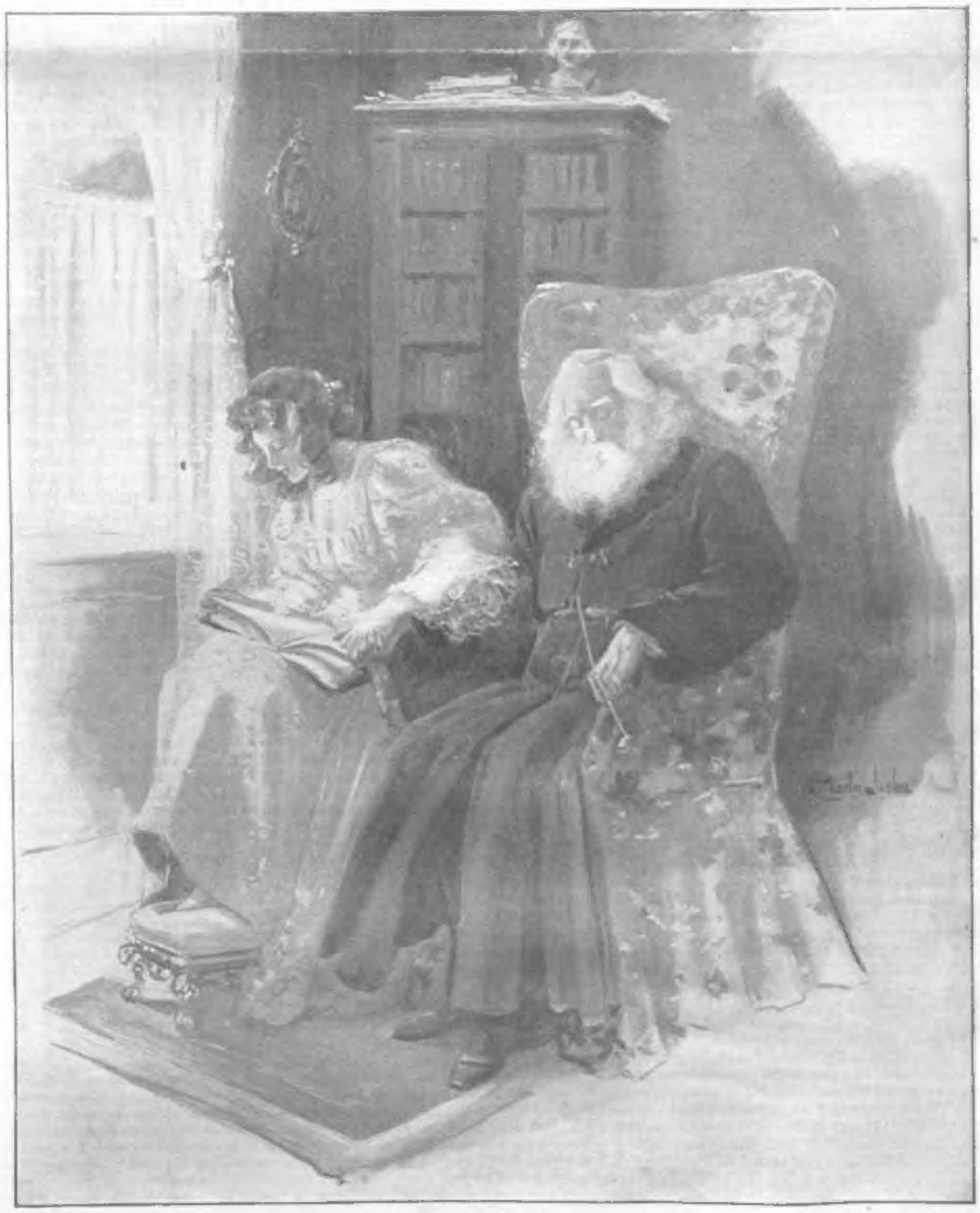
"Certainly; I am dying to hear."

"It is like a newspaper stall: here a bit of news, and there a piece of gossip; here the review of some fresh book, and there the description of some fashionable costume; first one thing and then another, and the whole superstructure new every day."

"You are rather hard on me, Mr. Weatherley!"

"No, my dear, I am not. Remember that, nowadays, for one man that reads a book fifty read the newspaper; so you are on the winning side and have an advantage over me."

"SHE WAS ALWAYS BEAUTIFUL RACHEL LESTRANGE TO HIM"



"Now Mrs. Weatherley's mind," I continued thoughtfully, "is like a picture-gallery in some grand old château; but when one comes to examine the pictures they are all portraits of you."

"Very neat, my dear; very neat indeed. You have a wonderful power of observation, Ethel, and a most happy gift of putting that which you see into words—a gift, my child, which is no less a source of pleasure to yourself than to those who have the privilege of enjoying your friendship, I should imagine."

"I'm glad that my chatter amuses you, Mr. Weatherley."

"It does so to a very great extent. I have always felt a sincere interest in young people; and as I have never had a child of my own, I delight to surround myself with young persons not of my own household. My quarrel with the young people of to-day is that they are not young enough."

"Do you think that we are too advanced?"

"Quite so, quite so. Nowadays young women are always bothering their pretty heads about abstruse social problems or the higher mathematics; but when I was young they had more important things to think of—such as their latest sweethearts and their newest bonnets."

"But we still have bonnets and sweethearts, as well as social problems and higher mathematics," I argued. "We may love Rome more than we used to do, but not Cæsar less."

"Perhaps so, perhaps so, my dear. You doubtless still go in for bonnets and sweethearts, but what bonnets!—and what sweethearts!—compared with those which the girls had in my young days."

"Do you think them so very inferior?"

"Inferior beyond expression! Of course, I cannot see these things for myself; but my Rachel reads to me descriptions of the same now and again in some modern book or newspaper, and they make me feel positively unwell."

I laughed very heartily.

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"When I was young," continued Mr. Weatherley, "a bonnet was—well, a bonnet; and I can assure you that it placed an almost insurmountable barrier betwixt one's self and the young woman concealed in the depths of it."

"Like Truth at the bottom of a well."

"Precisely. To-day, as far as I can gather, an impossible butterfly makes a nest of lace under the shadow of an artificial rose; and there is your bonnet!"

"It seems like a falling off, I confess," I said. "And what about the sweethearts?"

"There, my dear Ethel, the decadence is even more lamentable. In my time a young man fell in love with a young woman, and never rested till he had made a suitable home for her. Now a young man makes—at his leisure—a suitable home; and then, when he is middle-aged, furnishes it with the woman of his acquaintance who bores him the least."

"What an awful description!"

"But," he continued, "to make up for not feeling love, modern people talk about it; just as they indulge in senseless conversation about medical science to make up for their lack of health and strength. We have more love stories than we used to have, but less love; just as we have more dentists than we used to have, but fewer teeth."

"Tell me your love story, please," I coaxed, moving my chair closer to him.

"Oh, that is an old story, Ethel—a very old story; but it is always new to me."

"I do so want to hear it," I urged.

"Then, my dear, I will tell it to you with pleasure. When I was very young I went to Canada, and there met two most charming orphan sisters, Naomi and Rachel Lestrange. Naomi, the elder, was a quiet, unobtrusive woman, with nothing distinctive about either her character or her appearance; but Rachel was the most beautiful and lovable creature I ever saw in my life."

And the old man smiled with tender pride as he recalled the love of his youth.

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"I dare say," he continued, "that now it is difficult for you to realize how very lovely my wife was when she was young. I have never seen her since, so she is still beautiful Rachel Lestrange to me; but I suppose her pretty hair is gray, and her dear face aged now from the passing years."

"Her hair is gray, and her face worn," I admitted; "but she is still a most elegant woman, with a wonderful air of distinction."

"She always had that," he said, looking pleased. "It was a characteristic of all the Lestranges that they had the grand air, I believe. She is very proud of her family, you know; it was one of the oldest and the very best French families in Canada."

"She always shows by every movement that she is well born," I replied; "but please go on with your story."

"Well, of course, I fell over head and ears in love with Rachel as soon as I set eyes on her; and to let you into an open secret, my dear, I have been in that state ever since. But before I dared to ask her to be my wife the great catastrophe of my life occurred."

"What was that?"

"One bitter winter's night the Lestranges' house caught fire and was burned to the ground. Fire, as you know, spreads very rapidly in that dry climate, and is most difficult to extinguish. When I appeared on the scene the staircase had already fallen in ruins, and the two sisters were standing at their bedroom window shrieking for help."

"How terrible!" I exclaimed.

"Quick as thought," continued Mr. Weatherley, "I placed a ladder against the wall of the burning house and ascended it, though already the walls scorched my hands and the smoke was so dense that I could hardly see. On reaching the sisters' room I seized Rachel—who happened to be nearest to the window—in my arms, carried her down the ladder, and resigned her to the crowd of friendly hands below. Then I reascended the ladder in order to save Naomi; but, alas! ere I was half-way up the side of the house fell in, and I was precipitated into the burning ruins. Poor Naomi, of course, perished in the flames; but I was saved, though as by a miracle."

"I SEIZED RACHEL IN MY ARMS AND CARRIED HER DOWN TO SAFETY"

"Were you hurt?" I asked in breathless interest, my heart filled with sympathy.

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"Terribly. For many weeks I hung between life and death; and when at last I did recover it was to the sad consciousness that I should be hopelessly blind to the end of my life."

"How sad!" I whispered.

"Through all that long illness my Rachel nursed me with indefatigable skill and unwearying tenderness, and it was to her care that I really owed my recovery. Of course, I felt that a blind man, such as I then found myself, had no right to ask any woman to link her lot with his; nor should I ever have done such a thing."

"Not even if you knew she loved you?"

"No; her love would be no excuse for my selfishness."

"But," I argued, "a woman who really loved you would only love you the more for your blindness; women are made like that."

"I know they are, my dear, and men are made like this. But there was no need for me to ask Rachel anything, for during my illness—as I learned afterward—her name was ever on my lips, and I told her over and over again the story of my love for her."

"And, when you were well enough to listen to her, she told you the story of her love for you, I suppose."

"She did, bless her; she did. And I have been well enough for that ever since, thank Heaven, and have found increasing pleasure in the exercise."

"And were you married soon afterward?"

"Immediately after I was able to be moved, Rachel brought me to Halifax, away from the scene of our great catastrophe; there we were quietly married, and thence we sailed for England as soon as I was strong enough for the voyage."

"Poor Mrs. Weatherley! Did she feel her sister's death very much?" I asked.

"Sadly, my dear; sadly! In fact, I do not think she has ever been the same woman since. They were the most truly devoted sisters I ever saw; but, between ourselves, I used to think that Naomi was just a little hard and severe on my sweet, loving Rachel, and domineered over her too much. But you, who have seen something of my darling's intensely sensitive and loving nature, can understand that a cold and stern and unsympathetic woman, such as Naomi was, might easily wound her without knowing it."

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"That is very likely," I said; "for I think it is quite impossible for those cold, calm natures to enter into the feelings of so passionately loving a woman as dear Mrs. Weatherley. I'm certain they couldn't."

"But what distressed my poor Rachel so much," added he, "was that she felt that her sister's life had been, so to speak, sacrificed for hers; and she has an idea that perhaps she ought to have made me save Naomi first and then come back for her."

"But in that case Rachel would have been burned to death."

"Of course she would. One of them must have perished anyhow, and I cannot cease to feel thankful that the one that was spared was my darling wife. But Rachel was always so utterly unselfish—as you see she is now in all her dealings with me—that she would rather suffer herself to any extent than let suffering fall on those whom she loved. As I hinted to you before, I think that poor Naomi—who was the elder and the least affectionate—sometimes took advantage of this; but I would not suggest such a thing to Rachel for worlds. She would not allow me—even in Naomi's lifetime—to suggest to her that there was a flaw in her idolized elder sister; and I should not be likely to do such a thing now that the poor woman has been in her grave these forty years and more."

"It seems to me that Mrs. Weatherley has a perfect genius for loving," I said softly.

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"She has, my dear, she has; but I sometimes fear that it takes too much out of her. Her body is so frail, and her heart so strong."

Life passed on like an old-world dream in the quiet home of Fortunatus Weatherley. It was a perfect idyll to see these two old sweethearts together, and to guess at the love beyond all words which existed between them. But it grieved me to perceive that they both grew feebler as the days went by, and that their years were beginning to tell upon them.

"Ethel," said Mrs. Weatherley to me one day when her husband was out of earshot, "don't you think that Fortunatus is looking less vigorous than he did some time ago?"

"You see, dear Mrs. Weatherley, the weather is rather trying just now," I replied evasively.

She gave a sad little laugh. "Think of any weather's being trying to my Fortunatus! Why, Ethel, he has always been so splendidly strong that he never knew if the days were cold or hot, and he has never allowed a thermometer inside his house; he regarded them as what he calls modern medical rubbish."

"But don't you think he is well?"

"No, I don't. I have shut my eyes to it as long as I could, but now they will not keep shut any longer. I can't help seeing it, though it almost kills me to do so."

"Dear Mrs. Weatherley," I said, kissing her, because I did not know what else to say; and I find, in my dealings with my own sex, that kisses are as useful as asterisks in filling up inconvenient spaces in conversation.

"My child," she said tenderly, her large blue eyes filling with tears, "I hope you will fall in love some day, for no woman can be happy until she does. But pray that you may never love as much as I do! It is killing work."

"Yet it means great joy."

"And great sorrow. Surely the woman who feels 'within her eyes the tears of two' has more than her share of weeping."

"But she has the smiles of two as well."

"Perhaps. And, Ethel, also pray that you and your sister may never fall in love with the same man. That is what I and my sister did, and it was the first cloud that ever came between us. The servant who described a cloud of the size of a man's hand as only a small cloud was very young and inexperienced, for a cloud of that size and shape is large enough to throw an unlifting shadow over the lives of countless women."

"And did your sister love him very much?" I asked in youthful curiosity.

"I think she loved him as much as she was capable of loving anybody. But she had not the intense and concentrated power of loving, nor of feeling, nor of suffering, that I have. I have loved Fortunatus too much, Ethel; it would have been better for him and better for me if I had widened the circle of our life and taken in more friends and broader interests. I see it all now that it is too late."

"Dear Mrs. Weatherley, you are wrong."

"No, child, I am right. Being a woman, the man I loved was quite enough for me, and filled every crevice of my life. But men are different. No woman—however much he loves her—is enough to fill a man's life, and be his whole world, in the same way that men are everything to us. And I ought to have remembered this, seeing that my Fortunatus was blind and could not make fresh interests for himself—but I neglected it."

•

"Yet he has been very happy," I urged.

"Yes, he has; but he would have been happier had he lived in a larger world, and his hold on life would have been stronger. People who are moped die more easily than people who have plenty of interests."

"But you did it because you loved much," I said by way of comfort.

"Surely," she answered with her sad smile, "that plea for forgiveness can always be mine, whatever sins, negligences and ignorances are brought up against me."

Mrs. Weatherley was right. Fortunatus was breaking up. Day by day he grew frailer and frailer, and even his wife's great love could not hold him back from the unknown bourne, whither he was journeying so quickly. Within a few months of my conversation with Mrs. Weatherley, Fortunatus was dead; he died holding his wife's hand, and the last word he said was "Rachel."

But—to every one's surprise, her own included—the blow did not kill Mrs. Weatherley. Those slim, fragile creatures have often more latent strength than their robuster sisters, and it was so in her case. Strong, hearty women in the village fell ill and died, and still the thin, delicate-looking old lady lived on and on at the Manor House, not caring for her life in the very least. I never saw Mrs. Weatherley smile after her husband's death, and I do not believe any one else ever did. Poor old Martha finished her work and went to her place, but her mistress lived on and on, taking no notice of anything or anybody around her.

•

One day, when she was very old indeed, Mrs. Weatherley said to me:

"Ethel, now that my life is over I see that it has all been a mistake."

"How?" I asked.

"I cannot forgive myself for letting Fortunatus save me and leave my poor sister to be burned to death."

"But, dear Mrs. Weatherley," I argued, "you did not know that he would not be able to come back and fetch her also."

"Of course, child, I did not. Had I thought so nothing would have induced me not to stay behind. But, though it was all unintentional, my life really was saved at the sacrifice of my sister's."

"But otherwise hers would have been saved at the expense of yours, which comes to the same thing. And if that had been the case, and she had lived and you had died, think what a difference it would have made to your husband! To have lost you would have increased his great affliction."

• • •

Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler

It was in 1891 that Miss Fowler's first book, Verses Grave and Gay, made its appearance. This was followed, in 1895, by Verses Wise or Otherwise, and then their author turned her attention to prose. Cupid's Garden, a collection of short stories, which was brought out last autumn, won instant recognition for her as one of the cleverest among the younger English writers.

Her new novel, Concerning Isabel Carnaby, has been hailed by many of the critics as the most brilliant book of the year. It gives a faithful picture of Wesleyan Methodism and London society, and as its author is the granddaughter of a Methodist minister and the daughter of a Minister of State she knows both sides of her subject. Like her shorter stories, it is clever and witty, and, at the same time, serious enough to afford much room for thought. It is sure to find a large audience on this side of the Atlantic. Miss Fowler is the elder daughter of the Right Hon. Sir Henry Fowler, G. C. S. I., M. P., who was Secretary of State for India in Lord Rosebery's administration.

EDITOR'S NOTE—The story which we reprint in this number is taken from Cupid's Garden, a delightful collection of stories by Ellen Thorneycroft Fowler, author of Verses, Wise or Otherwise. Cupid's Garden is published by Cassell & Company.

"I know; I have often thought of that, and it is my one comfort. Even had they married each other (which is doubtful, as my sister had a great horror of any one with a physical infirmity), she could never have loved and cared for Fortunatus as I have done; it wasn't in her. And suppose—which is far more likely—that they had not married each other, that their sentiments changed and he had married another, what woman could have ever been to Fortunatus what I was?"

"No one, I am sure."

"My sister loved him then because she always adored strength and beauty; but she would not have had the patience to wait on a blind man all her life, which to me was perfect bliss," continued the old lady.

"Don't be unhappy about it, dear," I said, trying in vain to soothe her.

She took no notice of me, but went on: "You see, Ethel, it was all done in such a hurry I had not time to think. Fortunatus appeared at the window and took me in his arms and carried me down through the blinding smoke before I had time to realize what was happening. If I had known my sister would die I would never have left her—never. We had better have died together; though that would have been dreary for Fortunatus."

"It would, indeed. He could not have lived his life without you, Mrs. Weatherley. Believe me, it is all for the best. I am sure that Naomi herself would forgive you and understand."

She looked at me with sorrowful eyes. "I am Naomi," she said; "but he never found it out—never even suspected it."

THE PIECE OF CARBON PAPER

How the Mystery of a Night was Solved

By DAVID CHRISTIE MURRAY

DRAWINGS BY ELIZABETH SHIPPEN GREEN

* In Two Parts: Part I

IT WAS the Professor himself, and no other. He was standing at the corner of the street beneath a lamp-post, and though his head was so far bent downward as to set his face in complete shadow, I recognized him by the queer old Noah's Ark coat he always wore, and the shapelessly picturesque, unmistakable old hat. I stopped my hurried walk within three yards of him, but he gave no sign of any knowledge of my presence. The night was unusually cold, yet here was the Professor, within thirty yards of his own cozy fireside, standing alone and dreaming, wide awake, without knowledge of the frowning night. I advanced and touched him on the shoulder. "Professor! Dr. Zeck!" He started, and stared at me as if I had been a stranger, but in a minute the beautiful infantile smile with which he always greeted his friends shone in his face, and he stretched out his hand toward me. "It is you, Alwayne?" he said. A shiver ran through him from head to foot, and his teeth chattered. I asked:

"You are waiting here for some one?"

"Nein!" said the Professor; "I wait for nobody. I was thinking, that is all."

I gave him my arm, and we moved toward his house together. He walked stiffly, as if cramped by cold, and twice or thrice he shivered strongly.

"Come," I said, almost dragging him forward, "this will not do. This absent-mindedness of yours will be the death of you some day. How long were you standing there, dreaming in the cold?"

"That," he said, shivering so violently that he could not walk, "I cannot tell you."

*

His teeth rattled like dice in a box, and with a momentary but genuine fear of his condition, I put one arm about his waist and half carried, half supported him to his own door. There I sounded a peal at the bell, and (this being answered at once) in less than a minute I had the old gentleman in his own warm armchair before the fire. I ordered hot coffee for him, and when it came he grew quite comfortable again, and the color came back to his face.

"Ah," he said, "that is better. Do you know that I am very much of an old fool?"

"Well, no, Professor," I responded, "I have never thought that of you. What were you so absorbed in when I came up with you?"

"Only a little experiment I tried this morning," he answered mildly. "I will tell you of it in a day or two. It failed to-day, but I think I have him by the tail."

Then he smiled again, in his own child-like, lovable way, and fell to chafing his hands above the fire.

"Give me my pipe, Alwayne; that is a good fellow. What should I have done had you not awakened me? Should I have stood still to freeze? Do you know—my grandfather was the same sort of old fool that I am. I used to see him in my youth so buried in his own thoughts that you might have fired cannon about him without result."

I made no answer, for my mind was full of other matters. But when he had packed the big porcelain bowl, had lit his pipe, and leaned back in his chair, puffing with an aspect of twinkling enjoyment, he asked me a question which gave me an opening for what I had in my heart to say.

*

"Where were you going, Alwayne, when we met just now?"

"I was coming here, sir."

He must have caught something curious in the tone, for he looked up and took his pipe from his lips with awakened attention.

"For any special purpose?" he asked.

"For a very special purpose," I responded. I took my courage in both hands and stumbled on. "I have been through my books to-night. I find that my practice is increasing in a steady ratio. In the last year I have earned two thousand pounds."

"Good!" he said emphatically; "good!"

"This," I continued, "is an income on which I can venture to marry. Apart from inclination, marriage is a prudent thing for a medical man of thirty."

"Undoubtedly," answered the Professor. "Prudent, if the choice be prudent."

"I have made up my mind about the choice, sir, these two years past. I came here to-night to ask your permission to offer myself to your granddaughter."

"God in Heaven!" said the Professor, in his native tongue. It was spoken so queerly that, to my nervous fancy, it sounded like an unqualified, amazed rejection; but in another second the old man was shaking me warmly by the hand. "My dear Alwayne, I have loved you this fifteen years," he said with much warmth and feeling, "ever since you virst game to me to study ghemisdry."

He was very German for a moment, in his excitement, but he cooled down almost at once, and after a renewed hand-shake he walked back to the chair he had quitted, and sat there, his face one delighted beam.

"I am flattered by your kindness," I began; but he spread out both hands against me as if to stop me.

"You have any idea?" he asked. "You have not spoken to her? Listen! that is she coming now."

A ring sounded at the front door, and in a minute the room was bright with the presence of my beloved—my beautiful beloved!

*

How sweet she looked, with her hair just powdered with snow, and the white woolen cloud she wore setting off the rich color of her cheek! Her eyes shone like twin stars, and the frosty wind outside had fanned her beauty to an astonishing brightness.

"Oh," she said pantingly, "such a struggle home! I have been only a dozen doors away, and I had to fight to get here."

The Professor arose, laid down his pipe, walked round the centre table to where she stood, took her in his arms and kissed her.

"Stay here," he said. "Alwayne has something to say to you."

She looked at me with some surprise, and her color altered. The old man left the room, and we both stood embarrassed. She had half thrown off the woolen cloud of white which had obscured her head, and her beautiful chestnut hair was a little disordered. Her eyes were shy, and their lids were heavy. She had no courage to look at me, and I gathered fire from her shyness, and passing round the table, took her unresisting hands in both mine, and spoke to her.

"Kathryn," I said, "I have just asked your grandfather if he would be willing to see me your husband. I have his full consent to speak to you. I have loved you for years. I have waited for years. I have worked all the while to be able to speak to you. Now I can offer you a home if you will share it with me. Can you care for me at all, Kathryn?"

She laughed shyly and happily. She made no pretense of coyness.

"I care a good deal," she said.

"Do you care enough to be my wife?" I asked her with the eagerness of love.

*

She looked up, and her beautiful eyes met mine. I drew the girl toward me and kissed her. Then, half roguishly, she ran away from me, and I heard her silvery voice with a sort of ringing tremor, calling:

"Grandpa, Mr. Alwayne has something to say to you!"

This was followed by a little laugh, which spoke a thousand things of happiness and shyness to my heart, and then, with a soft storm of rustling skirts, she ran upstairs to her own room. The Professor came to me with open eyes, wondering, as it turned out afterward, what had broken up this conference so quickly. In the very midst of the excess of my delight, I was conscious of looking embarrassed and absurd. I shook that feeling off, however, and I took the dear old man by the hand. I had always loved him and revered him, but never had such a full sun of friendship warmed my breast.

"She is mine, Professor! She is mine!" That was all I had the wit to say.

"Good!" he answered, shaking my hand hard; "good! I would not have had it otherwise. You are a good fellow, Alwayne—a good man. For Kathryn, no better girl was ever born. Ah, to-night, my friend, how she shone upon me like her mother! Her sacred mother, my dear Alwayne! She is with God these many years. She went before my wife. And, sometimes, they are all so alike, I forget. I could almost dream that I am not an old man, and that Kathryn is the little girl I made love to so very long ago."

He was moved to tears, and he made no disguise.

"You won't lose your granddaughter," I said. "There will be room for all of us, and

*This two-part serial story is taken from Tales in Prose and Verse, by David Christie Murray. Published by Chatto & Windus, London.

The Cowardice of a Moment
The Confession of the Captain

By ALPHONSE DAUDET

A COLD, foggy October morning during the siege. From Saint Pierre de Montrouge sounded the angelus. A fiacre came rolling down the Avenue d'Orleans; it was in the employ of the Minister of Marine, and one of the last allowed in the streets of Paris at that time of terror. It was occupied by Le Myre de Vilers and the writer. As aid-de-camp to Admiral La Roncière, de Vilers was obliged to make the round of the forts to the south.

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"One of the marine service."

The Montrouge gate was fortified with cannon behind a gabion—or wicker-work protection filled with dirt—and bristled with bayonets. It was opened just wide enough to admit the passage of the ministerial carriage.

During the minute examination of our passports, my companion seemed nervous and irritated. His face bore an expression which I had never seen on it before; he bit his lips and his eyes flashed. This brilliant talker, this inveterate chatterer was silent after we passed through the gate. What was the matter with him? What was he hiding from me? Not a word did he speak as we hurried through Gentilly—pillaged and deserted. A dog bounded out in front of our horses, waking the echoes with his barks. My friend drew a pistol and fired; the dog leaped into the air and fell dead.

"You are a little nervous this morning, my friend," I said to him. "Is there any news?"

Very gravely he replied: "There is news in truth!" He remained silent until we were nearing Fort Montrouge, when he brusquely said: "It is finished . . . Metz has capitulated! Bazaine has lost all, all, even honor!"

Those who did not suffer from the great shipwreck of '70 cannot comprehend what Bazaine's name represented—the heroic Bazaine, as Gambetta called him—the spur which he was to our courage; the black night into which his defection plunged us. Imagine the hopes of a nation centred on one man! A people wild with enthusiasm and hope, believing that he had but to deliver them, ready to shout and suddenly . . . to find their idol fallen, their country lost!

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I was so overwhelmed with dismay that I was almost stupefied. I have only a confused remembrance of our visit to the fort. The incident which stands out most clearly is the memory of the marvelous change effected upon the careless and laughing faces of the soldiers as my friend went among them telling his mournful news. Not a word, not a cry escaped the men, but the light and life faded from their faces, and blank despair and a look of death settled over them like masks.

Two months after our visit no one would have recognized the fort, with its broken walls and demolished roofs. A great breach in the ramparts constantly grew larger from the falling masonry and the shocks of the battering-ram. A heavy smoke from the firing hung over all.

It was evening; the Commandant was seated in the little hut which now served him as a lodging-place. There was a knock, and a man entered. He was a new arrival, and had been sent to take the place of a Captain who had had an arm torn from his shoulder by a shell. His face was pale and convulsed with suffering.

"My Commandant," he exclaimed passionately, "I am a dishonored man! There is nothing left for me but to die."

"De L——, my friend, what is it?"

"It is—oh, shameful to tell! During an attack upon the bastion, fear seized me—the firing took me by surprise—I was afraid! There! I have never known war—only once, in Mexico, and that was nothing serious. Under this hailstorm of shot, after two or three assaults, I lost my head and became confused. I saluted a howitzer shell—and the men saw me! I heard them laugh. Since then—all is at an end! There is something between my men and me—something impalpable, yet not to be mistaken. A song is going about; it is sung to the tune of Barbanchu; you doubtless have heard the words. Wherever I go I hear this song, or imagine I hear it. Oh, my God! Night and day it rings in my head."

He put his cap before his face and sobbed like a child. Outside could be heard the roar of cannon, like the pounding of the sea.

"De L——, my friend, you are crazy; you are certainly crazy. Come here!"

And he made him sit beside him on the narrow iron bedstead, the only seat the room afforded. He put his hand affectionately on the young man's shoulder, and said all that he could to console that stricken soul. He told him that only friends were around him, and at Montrouge they did not love cowards. Why, then, talk of cowardice? And was there any one who had not ducked at a howitzer shell? There was a first time for everything. He had not been at the fort long enough to become acclimated, and he was nervous—a weakness to which any one was liable.

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"You hear me—any one! Our soldiers, who to-day are heroes, who live in fire like salamanders, who play football with lighted bombs—if you could have seen them two months ago! They did not find themselves too large when it was necessary to leave by the embrasures of the casements. Do you know that Admiral Pothuau came twice a week and walked about the ramparts under full fire in order to give our men a lesson in courage? Torment yourself no more. You are an excellent officer; we like you, we esteem you. Hold up your head! One can die but once, and one ought to die fighting."

"I will remember. Thank you, my dear Commandant!"

And he went away. Witnesses have testified how, during the last day of the siege, de L—— eagerly sought death upon the ramparts of the bastion, in the thickest of the fight. But death is a coquette; one cannot depend upon her!

On the night of the twenty-sixth of January the forts, the redoubts, the *secteurs*, after a last formidable volley that enveloped the city in a cloud of fire and smoke, suddenly ceased firing. Paris was taken! Three days afterward, the morning of the evacuation of the forts, the whole detachment of troops stood waiting the signal for departure. Captain de L——, in full uniform, wearing his cross, stood in front of his men and addressed them:

"My men, I wish to say good-by to you." His voice trembled a little, but he went bravely on. "I have sworn that while I live no Prussian shall set foot here. The moment has come to keep my word. When the last man passes through the postern your Captain will no longer be among the living. He lost your esteem. He hopes to regain it, assured now that he is no coward. A pleasant journey, *mes enfants!*"

As the last one filed out, two shots were heard from the officers' quarters, echoing through the deserted fort. They found him lying across his bed, the smoking pistol near him. The story of his death has been woven into a beautiful legend of Beaurepaire, but it is absolutely true in every particular.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This translation, from the French of Alphonse Daudet, by Mrs. Carlton A. Kingsbury, is taken from the International Magazine.

my dear old master shall have a lifelong welcome. He can be sure of that."

He pressed my hand in answer, and with a tap at the door before she entered Kathryn was back again.

"I am going to the kitchen," she said, thrusting her head round the door, and laughing and blushing at once, with an exquisite prettiness. Her happiness made my heart ache with joy. It was the certainty of my love which lent that new charm to her beauty. She had loved me. I divined it all with a pleasure which was pain. She had loved me long before I had spoken, and now our hearts and our wills were one. It was all as real as the solid earth, and yet I had a fear lest I might awaken and prove it a dream. I trembled with happiness.

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"I am going to the kitchen," she repeated, showing her dimples, and shy and saucy in the same breath. "For grandpapa will allow no one else to make his omelette. You shall have some if you're good—Robert." It was the first time she had ever called me by my Christian name, and there was something captivating in the grace of it. It was done with so rosy and harmless and dimpled a mischief, that if I had not been fathoms deep in love already I should have dived at that instant. "Sans adieu!" she said, nodding to each of us, and so was gone, leaving me staring at the blank door as if Heaven had gone from my gaze.

That "Robert" was like a gift of herself. It was as if she had hidden the name in her breast till then, and dared now to own it for the first time.

The Professor had very simple and old-fashioned habits. He dined at two, took tea at six, and supped an hour or two before going to bed. I had often sat at these innocent banquets—these nine o'clock *regales* of fish or omelette, or the like—some simple, inexpensive thing which it was Kathryn's delight to daintily prepare for the dear old man's daily enjoyment.

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While she was in the kitchen, the Professor said: "Come up-stairs." He led me to an apartment which I knew at once must belong to Kathryn, and for a moment I hesitated to stay in it, for my mere presence there seemed almost like a desecration of its virginal privacy. It was beautifully ordered everywhere, and there was an odor of lavender which reminded me tenderly of its occupant. The Professor took the candle from my hand and moved on before me.

"I do not earn much of late years," he said, "but I spend so little. One of these days this will be yours, Alwayne; and even if I am not proud, I do not like you to think that Kathryn is portionless."

I noticed an iron safe let solidly into the wall. It proved to be without a key, for when the Professor laid a hand upon the brass knob of the door, it yielded to the tug he gave it, and opened. He took from it an unlocked common cash-box, and showed me layer upon layer of Bank of England notes.

"There are four thousand pounds there," he said simply, as he closed the box and returned it to the safe. "That is for Kathryn when I am gone."

"But surely," I said, "it is unwise to keep so large a sum of money in this place."

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"Ah!" the Professor answered, with his innocent smile, "I have lost the key. That is my fault. But nobody knows of it except Kathryn and myself. It is all right."

"Surely it would be safer to send it to the bank than to keep it here," I urged.

"I dare say," he answered carelessly. "It can go," he added. "There is no reason why it should not go. It is the saving of my life. Whenever I have had money I did not want, I have put it there. Some of it has been there for forty years."

I might have given him the advantage of a little business common-sense on this matter, if he had not told me that one day the money would come to Kathryn, who, many years before that happened, would be my wife.

We went downstairs together, and by-and-by Kathryn summoned us to the dining-room, and there, with her own hands, served the omelette she had made for us.

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It was a happy hour, and I can see Kathryn yet as if she were actually before me in all the guileless pride and beauty of her youth. It was a happy hour, and it came to an end. I had to rise at last, and make ready to go, but Kathryn was afraid of the night, and prophesied that I should never reach home. She accompanied me into the hall to say good-by, and how shall I ever forget the joy and sorrow of that parting?

At length I took my last farewell, and threw open the door. The blast drove me back, and my head came into unpleasant contact with the wall of the corridor. The snow rushed beating in, in flakes as large as a child's hand.

"Close the door!" cried Kathryn.

And I set myself to do it, but the wind blew so fiercely that she had to come to my assistance. The inrushing tempest had tumbled half a dozen objects in the hall, and, among the rest, had thrown down an engraving and a weather-glass. The tumult brought out the old Professor, who looked about him with amazement.

"You must sleep here to-night, Alwayne," he said. "It is not a night to turn out a dog, much less you. You must stay."

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I made some little objection, but I was overruled, and, to tell the truth, I was not sorry to be housed. I was three miles from home, and that blinding storm would have cleared the streets of every vehicle. There was a little bustle while the corridor was swept and the *débris* which bestrewed it cleared away, and then Kathryn ran off to superintend the preparation of my chamber, which had not been occupied for years. She came down with laughing reports of a smoking chimney, and as she opened the door I had a sight of the two females of the household in the act of mounting the stairs, the one carrying a great pile of blankets and the other a heap of folded bed-linen.

We separated for the night, but the old man came to my room, and sat with me. By-and-by we heard Kathryn's voice calling softly at the door of his room.

"I am here, my treasure," said the Professor, opening the door. "What is it you want?"

"You will find all that carbon paper on the chest of drawers," she answered. "It blackens everything that touches it, and I want to take it away to my own room."

"Good!" said the Professor; "I will bring it to you. I have been teaching my little girl how to take carbon prints of the skeletons of leaves. You know the process, Alwayne? No? It is very simple. See."

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He held up against the light a skeleton leaf of exquisite filmy texture, like the very finest lace. "You must prepare your paper with sweet oil and candle-smoke. That is plain enough, eh? You macerate your leaves in water until nothing but the skeleton is left; you rub your skeleton leaf on the carbon—so; you transfer it to a sheet of clean paper—so; then you rub again, and you have a print of the leaf. A pretty toy, eh?"

"Kathryn is waiting," I said; and the Professor, gathering all the blackened sheets and the white-leaved book and the skeleton leaves together, carried them out to her, while I stood looking lovingly at her.

She took them from him, and smiled a last good-night to me as she left the door.

I did not see her again for many terrible and agonized days, and but for those sheets of carbonized paper I should never to the day of my death have known what it was that parted us.

I lingered long alone before I began to undress. The fire, however it may have misbehaved at first, burned brightly and cheerily now, and made a pleasant companion to my thoughts. There was no reason why marriage should be long delayed, and I planned a matrimonial trip to the Riviera, which Kathryn had never seen. I knew it well from hasty annual visits of a fortnight at a time, and Kathryn and I, in my own fancy, wandered to many a lovely spot on the old Corniche Road, "by seas the peacock's neck in hue." And while I sat thus happily musing, I could hear her moving directly overhead. I prayed with all my heart for her happiness, and I made resolves, as I suppose all lovers do, that nothing should ever cloud her life, or bring her a care, if I could help it.

I dare say I sat for a full hour, before my waning candle warned me to undress at once, and then I noticed for the first time that, let into the wall beside the fireplace, was a second safe, which looked the precise replica of the one I had seen upstairs. I looked at it with no particular interest, but when I pulled the door open I noticed that it was provided with a latch, and that if it were once closed it could not be opened without the key. That was a sounder receptacle, I thought, than the other safe in Kathryn's room. At least, a thief would have to force this, or to find the key, whereas he had but to give a tug at the door of the other and it opened to him at once. I remember drowsily thinking that I would remind the Professor of this safe in the morning, and drowsily resolving to do so or to advise him again to send his money to the bank for safety, and then I fell asleep.

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I awoke from a horrible nightmare, and the fire was still burning redly in the grate. I had dreamed that from the storm outside, the roaring of which I could hear distinctly in my sleep, a face had been thrust in at Kathryn's window—a face so vile and brutalized that I had never fancied the like of it. I do not know from what point of view I saw my dream, but Kathryn was sleeping tranquilly, though the wind tossed her hair and the snow fell on her cheek. The eyes at the open window gazed around, stealthily and menacing, and the owner of the eyes dragged himself softly into the room and closed the window. He wore list slippers, and his footsteps made no sound. He went toward the safe, opened it softly and drew out the cash-box. Then he went stealthily back again toward his place of entrance, and on a sudden the box fell with a clatter to the floor, Kathryn started with a cry, and the villain stood over her with a gleaming knife in his hand. The cry which awoke me was my own, and the noise of the falling cash-box was translated into the sound of a falling coal from the fire. But though the dream was broken, I lay sweating and trembling for many minutes under the terror of it, and it was long before I could calm myself sufficiently to sleep again.

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I lay late next morning, though I am, and had been, by custom an early riser. I had no guess as to the reason, but there was a heavy weight upon me; a sense of impending mischief quelled my spirit. The house was as quiet as a grave, and something made me listen with strained attention for a sound which did not come. I could have believed myself alone in it, but when I had dressed and gone down to the dining-room, the maid came to lay the cloth for breakfast.

"I am very late," I said. "I am afraid that Miss Gordon and Dr. Zeck have breakfasted without me." There was something curiously disconcerting and chilly in the glance the girl sent in my direction. It seemed made up of wonder and repulsion.

"The Professor has gone out," she said. "Miss Gordon is ill."

"Ill?" I asked. "What is the matter?"

"That's what I was to tell you," the girl replied, and with this she left the room. Her manner was as unexpected as the intelligence she gave me. Kathryn had looked the very picture of rosy health last night, and only last night I had been met by the whole household with the cordiality to which I had been accustomed for years. The Professor had

IN A MINVTE THE ROOM WAS BRIGHT WITH THE PRESENCE OF MY BELOVED

left, apparently without a message, and it was no fancy which led me to think that the whole atmosphere of the place was changed.

Before the housemaid returned, I had written a hasty note on one of the blank leaves of my professional memorandum-book. I found an envelope and inclosed my message within it.

"Let Miss Gordon have this at once," I said, as the girl reëntered with the tray.

"She's not to be disturbed," she answered, with an openly expressed aversion in her face and voice.

"Did the Professor say at what time he would return?" I asked her.

"He left no message with me," the girl replied insolently as she set down the tray.

"Let your mistress have that note as soon as she awakes," I said, "and tell her that I will return at five o'clock this afternoon to see how she is."

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I held the envelope toward her, but she recoiled from me, with a pale face and eyes full of disdain.

"What on earth is the matter with you?" I asked her angrily.

"Oh, nothing that need trouble you!" she retorted, with a scornful emphasis on the last word, and flounced out of the room with a backward glance of anger and contempt which left me altogether bewildered.

I drank a cup of coffee in a mechanical way, and after lingering indeterminate and miserable for half an hour, I left the house, not in the least understanding what had befallen me, but fully resolved to call in the afternoon and find out how Kathryn's health was.

My patients were already awaiting me when I reached home. Throughout the day I was never free of wonder and indignation, and no sooner were my duties over than I gave orders to my coachman to drive me to the Professor's house. It was the cook who answered my summons at the door—an elderly woman, who had been in the Professor's employ when I had first known him. She had evidently been crying bitterly, and in answer to my inquiry for her master, she gave me a flat "Not at home," and closed the door in my face and quickly locked it.

I often think that words are made for commonplace uses, and that they fail us when we most seem to need them. To say that I was amazed, angry and wounded, all at once, seems to say nothing. I went away doubting my own sanity, wondering if the events of the past twenty hours were all a dream. On reaching home, I wrote a letter to Kathryn, and despatched it by messenger. It was returned unopened.

My feet took me to the house again that evening, and I walked dismally up and down before it, not able to decide on anything. There were lights in the Professor's room and in Kathryn's, and every now and then every room in the house was by turns illuminated, as if some unusual bustle were going on within. A dozen times at least my hand was at the bell, but I found my courage fail me, and I went back into the street without having again solicited an entry. Before midnight the whole tenement was in total darkness, so I walked homeward, denouncing myself bitterly for my cowardice and irresolution. On my return I wrote an impassioned letter to Dr. Zeck, and then, feigning to have hurt my hand, I made my man-servant direct a plain and unmarked envelope. No answer came next day, and, as it happened, I was detained by professional business to quite a late hour.

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My anxiety was now intensified. By this time I was so far my own master that I had resolved, if necessary, to force an interview, and to learn by what strange circumstances a beloved pupil, an honored friend, and an accepted lover, had been suddenly turned into a person whom it was permissible to treat with so much contumely. As I sprang from my cab and ran rapidly up the steps, it did not at first strike me that all the house was dark. I rang, and at the first peal of the bell a sense of desolation, such as I had not felt until then, struck me through and through, for I knew instinctively from the sound that the place was empty and deserted. In spite of this surety, I rang again and again, and with ever increasing violence, stepping out into the street between whiles, and staring up at the blank windows.

A boy came along and stood to watch me, whistling and jigging to his own music on the frozen pavement. Some sense of shame at my own futile employment forced me to address him:

"Do you belong to this neighborhood? Do you know what has happened here?"

"I seed 'em movin' this morning," said the boy. "They had two big Pickford's vans."

At that I surrendered all further effort, and drove home broken-hearted. Gusts of deep passionate anger came over me at moments. But, for the most part, I sat quiet, like a man made of frozen lead, conscious only of an unspeakable bitterness of misery. As the days dragged wretchedly along, I tried to think out some explanation of the mystery—but the solution was not to come from me.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

THE WOMAN WHO TRUSTED

BY

WILL N. HARBEN

WITH PHOTOGRAPHIC ILLUSTRATIONS BY MATHILDE WEIL

Eighteenth Chapter

"MY DEAR Wilmot," wrote Muriel Fairchild: "Your last letter, bringing the good news of your final success with your novel, after all the sorrow which I had felt when I first heard of Wellington & Clegg's failure, made me, oh, so happy! You see, I knew what it meant to you to be so far away among strangers and meet with such an awful blow—to have your first book, that meant so much to you, held in bondage, when you were in the very eve of success. I cried when I heard it. I confess it. So did mamma. We sat together and boohooed like two babies. She is your staunch friend now. It seems that her eyes have been opened to what you have to undergo and suffer to gain your point, and she admires you for it. Nearly every day after the bad news came she would inquire about what you were doing. When I told her the other day that you had secured your manuscript and had placed it even more advantageously than before, she actually clapped her hands. Even papa is leaning toward our side. Some one dared to say in his presence the other day that you had made a mistake in leaving Dadeville, and the dear old soul asked dryly: 'What, has he gone to the bad place?' You know papa has had no use for Dadeville since they double-taxed him on that tract of mountain land he forgot to mention in his tax-list.

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"Your letter was a genuine treat. I could never tell you how much I enjoyed it. The experiences you had with those two publishers are absolutely thrilling. Your new friend, Mrs. Sennett, was certainly a heroine. I am not surprised that you visit her so often, but you have forgotten that I am only a woman and possess my share of curiosity, else you would tell me more about her. Is she a widow, married, young or old, pretty or plain? Tell me what she is like, and what kind of gowns she wears. The truth is, that I suffered a good many pangs of jealousy when you wrote that she had secured your manuscript for you, when everything else failed. Don't think me sentimental, but I have always wanted to help you in some material way, and have often been vexed at my helplessness. And I can't help feeling a little pain that some other woman helped you and I could do absolutely nothing.

"I am going to give you a surprise. My teacher, Madame Angier, is coming to Atlanta to give a recital, and has promised to pay me a short visit when she passes through Dadeville the day after to-morrow. It is not settled yet, but mamma says when papa meets her, and sees what an admirable, discreet woman she is, that he will allow me to return to New York with her next week. If I can come, I will telegraph you when to meet us at the station in Jersey City."

Lee folded the letter and sat in deep thought for several minutes. He was glad she was coming, and yet the announcement had not made him quite happy. He was afraid she might discover the financial straits he was in. He would have liked, too, to be in a position to pay her some little attention, to escort her to the theatres, to send her the flowers she loved, to——"

His reflections were broken into by the entrance of the landlady to tell him that Miss Weyland was waiting in the parlor below, to see him about something particular.

He found her seated in the darkest corner of the ill-lighted room. She had her hat on.

"I have just started down-town," she said, "and as we have but once heard from Mr. Chester since he left, papa told me to ask you if you had received any news. We thought, when Mr. Chester left, that he was not looking very well and we feel anxious."

"I think he is all right," answered Wilmot, noting the serious expression on her face, and the nervous manner in which she handled her umbrella. "He wrote me yesterday that I might look for him Friday night. He'll be in on the two o'clock train, and begged me not to sit up for him."

"I'm glad he is coming back," said Miss Weyland, a flush rising to her face. "Papa will be glad, too," she said, as if she had expressed too much feeling. "We miss him very much in the studio. By-the-way, do you really think, Mr. Lee, that you have treated us fairly? I thought you were going to be sociable, as all Southern people are, but you're proving just the reverse."

"I've been very busy——"

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But she interrupted him by raising her finger and shaking it at him playfully:

"No stories. Frank Harrison says they are inartistic, to say the least. You've been to Mrs. Sennett's every afternoon for the last week. You can't deny it, and my poor little tea-service is of no use to me since Mr. Chester went away. Papa hates the sight of it as much as I do."

"I'll act differently in the future, Miss Weyland," he promised laughingly.

She rose to go.

"Come up this afternoon at four, and go with us to see Walter Crane's drawings."

"I'm very sorry," he apologized, "but I have an engagement at that hour."

"Hotel Galatin?" laughed the girl. "Mr. Chester had better come home and look after you—you need it."

Her words had a significant sound, and as he slowly reascended the stairs he wondered what she meant. But the sight of Muriel's letter, which he had left on his table, drove all thoughts of Miss Weyland from his mind. He could think only of his need of money. If only The Columbian would accept the story he had sent he might avoid the shame of being in debt to strangers. He spread Muriel's letter on the table, emptied the change, penknife and keys from his pocket on it, and, stepping back, smiled grimly as he viewed the few cents remaining in his possession, and thought of his dinner.

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Nineteenth Chapter

WILMOT spent the whole of the next day in visiting newspaper offices in the hope of securing some editorial position. In every case he found it impossible even to see the editor. He had to wait in the ante-room of each office, and write out his name and the nature of his business on a card, which was carried in to the literary czar, who decided the fate of authors and manuscripts. The office-boy invariably returned with the message "the editor was sorry, but that every place was filled."

Late in the afternoon he crossed the bridge over to Brooklyn to see the editor of a daily paper from whom he hoped to secure something to do. The editor had gone home, and Wilmot, tired and disappointed, went back to New York. He had spent all his money for breakfast that morning, and for carfare through the day, except a lonely five-cent piece which he found in his waistcoat pocket after paying his bridge fare to New York.

He felt hungry, and decided not to spend the precious nickel for anything but food. So, fagged out as he was, he began the long walk up-town. His hunger led him through the streets which contained cheap restaurants. Once he paused at one of those charitable institutions known as the one-cent coffee and soup stands, but the sight of the men and boys in rags who stood eating at the counter, the thick plates, and the coarse cups and saucers, drove him onward.

Even the restaurants where sandwiches or meat pies could be obtained for five cents each, were too uninviting. He felt instinctively that a man dressed as well as he would attract attention in such places, and shrank from entering them, for he dreaded their notice.

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Wilmot passed the door of a bar-room, and as a customer came through the swinging doors he caught sight of the "free-lunch" counter inside. By paying five cents for a glass of beer he would have the right to help himself to the tempting things heaped up on the great platters. He had heard Chester and Harrison say that they had eaten at such places to study character, but he walked past the entrance twice before he finally decided to go in and get something to eat.

The customers, mostly laboring men, with luncheon pails on their arms and short pipes in their mouths, stared at him as he paid for his glass of beer. He drank his beer slowly, the while eyeing the display of eatables. He determined that he would take a sandwich as he passed out. This he did, and ate it before he resumed his walk homeward, and it relieved his hunger.

Before going to his room, he paused at a stationer's and looked at the latest issue of The Evening Fireside. He noticed a serial bearing a very sensational title, and thought it might be Ellerton's. But the short stories claimed his special interest. They seemed like smaller sins than the long ones. The sentences and paragraphs were curt and striking. He fancied that one of them might bring twenty dollars.

Before he reached his room a plot had come to him, and sitting down at his table he dashed into a story. He was surprised to notice that he wrote easily and rapidly, and that it gave him a sort of gratification somewhat akin to the feeling he had in producing better work. By two o'clock the story was finished. He ran over it, cutting out a word here and adding a phrase there. Then he left the manuscript upon his table, and went to bed feeling easier in his mind.

"At least, I sha'n't starve," he thought. "If such things are literary sins, then this is not a big one, and it shall be the last. I've done it once, but I'll never depart from the ideal track again. To-morrow I'll try to sell it to The Evening Fireside, but no one, not even Chester, shall know I did it."

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Twentieth Chapter

THE next morning was Saturday. Wilmot rang for a cup of coffee, and when Mrs. McGowan brought it she had also a letter for him. It was from his mother. He drank his coffee and then opened the letter.

"Dear Wilmot," it ran: "We all miss you so much. I wish you had not taken up the notion to live so far away from home. It seems to me you might do as well here in Dadeville if you want a quiet place to write in. You were always so strange in your ways that I could not understand you, but now that you are gone I seem to know you better; and then, so many people seem to make it their business to go round and hint that you are doing no good up there. If they would only let you alone and wait and see what you will do.

"You were always so good-natured that you kept down fusses when your father was out of temper, and since you left he seems more ill-humored than ever. He finds fault with everything and everybody.

"He is awfully restless, too. He seems to have some trouble on his mind, for he doesn't sleep soundly, and always seems suspicious that people in town are talking about his affairs. I am afraid he has gone too far in speculating, and doesn't want the mill people to discover it. He is always getting telegrams, and won't have them delivered at the store for fear he will be found out. I wish you were here. I am afraid he is going to get into serious trouble.

"The stock at the store is getting low, and he told me he was going to New York to buy more goods. If he comes, you must see him and try to influence him to stop speculation. If he were to lose his position, Laura and I would be destitute, for I know it would ruin him completely."

Mrs. McGowan, who had been arranging the articles on the dressing-table, turned to leave the room when she had finished.

"Mr. Chester came in last night," she remarked. "He told me he wanted to see you. I was in his room just now."

"I'll go in there in a moment," answered Wilmot. "Please tell him so for me."

When the landlady had gone he picked up the manuscript of his story and read it

over. He could see many weak points in its construction and phraseology, and yet he rather liked it. He folded it suddenly and put it into his pocket, for he heard Chester's step in the hall.

"I'm glad to see you back," he said, as Chester came in. "I hope your trip was successful."

"I really had no business there," said Chester. "I wanted to tell you why I was going, but I did not get to see you before train-time. The fact is, I heard from Professor Berkley. He was in Boston, and had just received my letters, which had followed him all around the world. He urged me to come and see him without delay."

"And you saw him?"

"Yes; I saw him. He listened attentively to my story. I made a clean breast of everything. He seemed intensely interested. Finally he told me he could help me if I submitted to treatment—hypnotic treatment. Do you believe in hypnotism, Lee?"

"To some extent," answered Wilmot in a non-committal tone.

"And do you believe that diseases can be cured by it, as some claim?" pursued Chester, anxious for Wilmot's opinion.

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"I don't know much about it, and the subject doesn't interest me, but I've read of its being used to advantage in many nervous and mental troubles."

"That's what Berkley holds," Chester ran on. "He says that the lobes of my brain controlled by the moral part of my being have become abnormally developed, and are in a constant state of irritation. He believes I ought to get married; that I ought to lean more on my intuition in that direction. He says I'll be ideally happy with the woman of my choice if I can once overcome my unnatural, ridiculous fears in regard to marriage. He says if I'll submit to hypnotic suggestion at his hands that all my false ideas will vanish. I told him I was simply desperate; that I'd follow his advice in everything. He then made me lie down on the sofa in his room.

"'You must relax every muscle in your body,' said he; 'get your mind into a perfectly passive state, and, above all, have confidence in me.'

"'I already have that,' I told him. Then he bent over me and began softly to stroke my forehead. 'Think of sleep and of pleasant dreams,' he said soothingly. 'There's absolutely nothing to be afraid of—nothing the matter with you except fear, and that'll leave you. It is leaving you now. Your mind is like a part of mine, which realizes your error. My poor fellow, you have long been the too easy victim of a frightful mental delusion. You'll sleep for a while now, and when you awake you'll feel like a new man.'

"I felt myself falling into delightful, restful unconsciousness. I've no idea how long I slept, but when I awoke it was night. I saw a dim light burning in the next room and went in. As I entered some one rose from a lounge. It was Professor Berkley.

"'Did you rest well?' he asked.

"'I haven't slept so well since I was a child,' I answered.

"'I'm glad of it,' said he. 'Now go back to your room at the hotel, and sleep as late as you want in the morning. The trouble has been removed.'

"'I never felt so contented in my life,' I replied. 'I want to go to New York at once.'

"Berkley shook his head.

"'You must come to see me again in the morning,' he said. 'It is necessary.'

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"I consented. Alone, outside, I felt like a bird liberated from a cage. I had to pass through the Public Gardens and the Common, and I bounded along like a schoolboy. On the bridge I stopped—I'll never forget how restful the lake looked in the moonlight, and as I stood there I actually wept and prayed. I was almost glad I'd suffered so—my joy had become so keen by contrast. I went on to my hotel. No sooner had I gone to bed than I felt blissfully drowsy, and I slept that night better than I had ever slept before.

"The din and racket of Washington Street awoke me. I went to the window and looked out. It was raining. Lee, my sufferings had returned with such force that it seemed to me I couldn't bear them. I fell on my knees, and groaned, and prayed for death. I despised myself unutterably. I had, I reflected, brought myself to such a condition that I could find only temporary relief from my just punishment through the agency of a vile black art. I cursed Berkley. I imagined him with me, and kicked him round the room till I fell exhausted on the floor. Then some one knocked at my door. It was Berkley himself.

"'I called to see how you're getting on,' he said graciously.

"I was furious with him and myself, but I kept back my anger. I invited him to sit down while I dressed myself.

"'You're not getting on well this morning,' he remarked. 'You need another treatment.'

"'Is there any other way that I can get rid of my delusion, as you term it?' I asked.

"'Only one other,' he said.

"'What is that?' I asked.

"'Be a man without my aid,' said he. 'It is only because you seem utterly unable to cure yourself that I suggested hypnotism.'

"'Then I shall make one more attempt to fight it out by myself,' I answered.

"'It seems to me that you ought to succeed,' said the Professor, and we parted good friends."

"And you will do it, too," said Wilmot encouragingly. "I'll never hear of your trying hypnotism again, I'm sure of that."

"I'm on my way up to see Aline now," said Chester. "I feel like opening my heart to her, Lee. I love that little, motherless child more than I ever loved anything in my life."

"But surely you didn't spend a whole week with Berkley?"

"Oh, no; I forgot to tell you. I dropped in to see Brown, White & Company, who have published two of my books. They kept me busy several days helping them with a big biography of authors which they are getting ready to issue. They offered to pay me handsomely if I'd continue the work, and I'm to let them hear from me soon. It would keep me busy about two months."

There was a rap on the door. It was a servant with a letter for Wilmot.

Chester fixed the man with a stare.

"Have Weyland and Miss Weyland gone out?" he questioned.

"No sir; not yet."

"Is the studio open?"

"I think it is, sir. Miss Weyland was just asking if you'd got home."

"I'll go up in a moment," answered Chester. Then he turned to Wilmot, who had thrown a folded manuscript on the table and was crushing a sheet of paper in his hand, which trembled nervously.

"What did you get?" he asked absent-mindedly, hardly thinking of Wilmot.

"My story from The Decade."

"Too bad," said Chester. "I thought they'd retain it. What did they say?"

"They sent only the printed 'regrets.'"

"Don't worry; it may never have been read." Chester left the room and crossed the corridor to his own quarters. Wilmot followed him as far as the door of his own room. He was just turning back when he saw Mrs. McGowan slowly ascending the stairs, and coming toward him.

"I want to see you, sir," she said, entering and closing the door. "I beg your pardon, Mr. Lee, but my rent and gas bill is due; you promised you'd let me have some money to-day, so I thought I'd remind you of it."

"I'll try to keep my word," replied Wilmot. "I am going out to sell a manuscript this morning, and I hope I'll be able to hand you all that's due you some time this afternoon."

"Very well, sir," said the woman. "I wouldn't bother you, but I need the money to pay my running expenses."

And Wilmot went down the stairs and into the street with a vague rebellious feeling in his heart, yet with a certain sense of content that Muriel knew nothing of his trouble.

(TO BE CONTINUED)

HOW ABBÉ MENOT GOT HIS STEEPLE

The Strategy of a Matchmaker

By

Jules Pravieux

ABBÉ MENOT, curé of Marizy-sur-Loire, was a great builder of churches. It is necessary to say, in order to be just, that the curé of Marizy-sur-Loire, by his frenzy for building, offered himself to irony with perseverance and serenity. He built, built, built, and the more he built the happier he was. When the Bishop of the diocese, in his pastoral rounds, visited a parish in which the church was either too small or unfit for a place of worship on account of its shabbiness, he would say to his grand vicar: "I will nominate Abbé Menot curé of the village."

These were not merely sallies of wit on the part of *monseigneur;* before sending the abbé to the parish of Marizy-sur-Loire he had sent him to six different villages in succession. The sacerdotal life of the good curé had been only a circular journey around the diocese. When he had built a temple to the Lord in one place, he set out, by the Bishop's orders, for some other place, and one might say that churches sprang up under his footsteps. When he was nominated for Marizy-sur-Loire the Bishop said to the Abbé Menot:

"The living is a good one, and there you shall find rest. You shall be replaced no more. Go, then, to Marizy, and build a church there that will do honor to the Lord, and to you, also, who are His enthusiastic architect." This made the abbé happy.

Abbé Menot had traveled all over the diocese, begging subscriptions, preaching, sermonizing, promising paradise to those who gave, and hell to those who turned a deaf ear; taking by main force and pious fraud what he adorned by the name of "offerings" in order to appease his victims; skimming Christian charity to the profit of his church; never weary, never discouraged, for he felt no rebuffs when such a work was in question. Three years after his arrival at Marizy-sur-Loire a church had sprung from the ground, but alas! the curé had not been able to provide a steeple. His church had no steeple!

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Abbé Menot had never been a prudent dispenser of the money which he received; first he spent, then he counted. This was the method which he followed in building the church of Marizy, and it bore its fruits. Abbé Menot had upset the plans of the architect and the contractor to substitute therefor his personal fancies, and so, even before they had commenced the steeple, the budget showed a deficit. The abbé felt conscientiously obliged to warn the contractor, and the work was stopped. But the curé lived in anguish and agitation. His credit was exhausted, besides his strong box and the woolen stockings of the parishioners. The generosity of the faithful was used up. All the eloquent artifices of the abbé were useless, because they were too well known in fifty places roundabout. The municipal council obstinately refused to vote funds for the construction of a bell.

Abbé Menot was sad. He saw himself, the great builder, old in constructing, already more than a sexagenarian, threatened with having to say mass till the end of his days in a church without a steeple. The curés of the neighboring parishes indulged in amiable pleasantries: "My dear Menot," said the curé of Saint Pelerin to him, "when you die, you will place the Religious Weekly in a terrible position. It will not be able to say of you what is said at the decease of every priest, after the enumeration of his virtues: 'And now he reposes under the shade of his steeple.' Alas! Your steeple has no shade!" Abbé Menot was not insensible to the raillery of his confrères. He suffered.

The abbé often went to confide his sorrow to the very noble, very pious, very rich and very old maid, Éléonore Marie-Antoinette de Préchamp de Marizy, who was his parishioner, and who had a chateau built under Louis XIV. This venerable maiden, who had already reached her sixtieth year, had very largely contributed to the building of the church, but even she had ceased. She insinuated to the abbé that times were hard, that the farmers did not pay, and that, to her regret, she was obliged to leave the priest to his distress. But one day Mlle. de Préchamp said to Abbé Menot:

"Monsieur le curé, would you like to have a steeple to your church?"

"Would it be possible?" cried the abbé.

"Yes, quite possible," continued Mlle. de Préchamp; "you may have a steeple, but you must earn it by doing as I desire."

"At your command, mademoiselle!"

"Do you know the Count de Séguiran?"

"Do I know him? I have only one parishioner who can equal him—yourself, mademoiselle—yourself!"

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"Do you know Aline de Cléville, my niece, who has just come to pass two months with me?"

"I had the honor, eight days ago, of dining at your table, and Mlle. Aline de Cléville, your niece, sat opposite me. More than that, it was only an instant ago that I saw her on the lawn, photographing the château, I believe. Mlle. Aline appears to me to be quite well adorned with all the graces."

"Oh, well!" said Mlle. de Préchamp, "it is only a question of arranging a marriage between M. Pierre de Séguiran and Mlle. Aline de Cléville, and it is you to whom I confide the undertaking. At this price, and at this price only, shall you have your steeple. I myself cannot interfere in any way. You know, for over thirty years the families of Séguiran and De Préchamp have been at odds, and for a trifle—on account of politics! I have never spoken to the Count de Séguiran, but I have the greatest esteem, even admiration, for the young man. Since the death of his parents, who, as you know, left him considerable property, he has lived in his château, a truly virtuous young man. And at twenty-seven—when others of his age are sunk in sin, to repent in later years—he is said to have a fine mind; and then he is pious: at church he edifies me by his behavior. And he is never absent from mass on Sunday. Even—as I have observed for myself—on the day when the hunt begins."

"That is most admirable!" remarked the priest in a pleased tone.

"Yes, indeed, it is admirable," continued Mlle. de Préchamp. "Therefore it need not astonish you that I dream of uniting my niece and Pierre de Séguiran. Aline is a charming child, fresh, lively and gay. But what heedlessness, what rebellion, what tricks! She talks about actresses, theatres, toilettes; she reads romances. If they were those of Zenaide Fleuriot, or even of the converted Paul Feval! She knows things of which a young girl should be ignorant; she says things which disconcert you without even lowering her eyes. Truly, I am sometimes scandalized. I do not wish that my niece should begin life in such a way. I am convinced that such a man as the Count de Séguiran would convert Aline to serious thoughts; that by living with a Christian husband my niece will become a model wife. She will one day be my heir. I have the right, it seems to me, to be concerned about her happiness and her salvation."

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"Mademoiselle, you certainly have that right," cried the priest. "I promise you all my assistance, all my good will, all my energy. I know very little about negotiations of this sort; it is the first time that I have been charged with so delicate a mission, but I accept it with joy. Yes, indeed! But what shall I say to the young man to give him a desire to ask for the hand of Mlle. Aline? What must I do?"

"Ah, monsieur le curé, that I cannot say," said Mlle. de Préchamp with a prudent smile. "Ask advice of the Holy Spirit!"

Abbé Menot did not believe he ought to importune the Holy Spirit. In going from the château to the presbytery the priest contented himself with seeking some alluring arguments to employ with the Count; he had resolved to commence his mission with the young man. Suddenly the abbé stopped, and, striking his forehead, exclaimed:

"I have it! I have read in the Holy Scriptures and in the Moral Theology of the Reverend Gury that woman's beauty charms and subdues man. It is very simple. I need only say to M. de Séguiran that Mlle. Aline is beautiful, very beautiful—but have I any right to make this affirmation? Is she beautiful? What is a beautiful woman? What is beauty?"

The Abbé Menot was perplexed: "On my faith," said he, "I must consult Saint Thomas Aquinas! I really must!"

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On reaching the presbytery the Curé de Marizy took from his shelves the book of the Opuscula of Saint Thomas Aquinas. He opened to the chapter on beauty and read: "*Pulchrum est resplendentia formae super parties materiae proportionatas.*"

Abbé Menot translated: "Beauty is the splendor communicated through form to different parts of matter." Then, taking a meditative attitude, his elbow on his table and a finger on his cheek, he soliloquized:

"If I apply the definition of the divine Thomas to the niece of Mlle. de Préchamp, I am forced to confess that in her shines that splendor which the form communicates to matter. Yes; in Mlle. Aline the harmonious form communicates that quality to the clay of which her body is formed! The glance loves to follow the pure lines of her graceful architecture; it passes over the blonde mass of her hair, it stops at the delicate oval of her face, where it rests with pleasure and delight; then it glides to her throat—but stop, Menot, there are things which a priest should not observe!"

Abbé Menot ceased his philosophical meditations. "Enough of metaphysics," he cried. "I see, I know, I believe! Mlle. Aline is beautiful; she is incomparable. I will apprise M. Séguiran of this fact; he will only be able to thank me and agree with my proposition. I shall have no trouble."

He returned Saint Thomas to his shelves, took his breviary under his arm, and set out for the Château des Montes. He walked with quick, firm steps, and chanted a hymn in his heart. Already Abbé Menot saw the steeple of Marizy rising, full of strength and grace, in his view of the landscape and in the great peace of the horizon, like a prayer. Already he heard the bells in his steeple resounding for the solemnities of Easter, and throwing joy on swift wings to the four quarters of the sky.

After a quarter of an hour's walk the Curé de Marizy perceived, at his right, the white walls of the Château des Montes, which shone resplendent in the June sun among the trees of the park. With a triumphant step he turned into the grand walk which led to the lordly dwelling of M. Pierre de Séguiran.

"THE CURÉ OBSERVED WITH INTEREST THE BEHAVIOR OF THE YOUNG PEOPLE"

EDITOR'S NOTE—This dainty little story was translated from the Revue Bleue by Adene Williams for the International Magazine, of Chicago.

As he walked the Abbé Menot repeated aloud, in his oratorical manner and with grand gestures, "*Resplendentia formae! Resplendentia formae!*" Frightened by the ferocious accents, the birds singing in the trees of the park took flight.

Arrived at the château, the priest was announced, and immediately received by M. Pierre de Séguiran, a young man with firm and manly features, very pleasant black eyes, a fine brown mustache and a frank manner.

"What good wind brings you here, Monsieur le Curé?" he asked, most cordially.

Bravely, without tergiversation, without preparation, the Curé de Marizy announced the object of his visit. He had come to see if it would not be agreeable to M. de Séguiran to marry Mlle. de Cléville, even to advise him—if M. le Comte would allow that privilege to an old priest—even to advise him to ask her hand in marriage.

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For a few moments the young man was speechless. Then he hesitatingly said:

"I am very much honored, Monsieur le Curé, very much affected, but—but—I do not know the young lady. Up to this moment I have been ignorant of the existence of Mlle. de Cléville; I do not know her; I have never seen her!"

"Ah, Monsieur le Comte," said the abbé, "she is a splendid woman; she is beautiful, she is incomparable! You can well believe me. I tell you true! I don't deceive you."

Pierre de Séguiran could scarcely repress a smile as he looked at the abbé.

"Oh, beauty!" said he. "That is a consideration which will count for little when I make my choice. Beauty in a marriage, Monsieur le Curé, is for others. One's fellows enjoy the beauty, but the husband has the woman, who is often foolish and ill tempered. The husband of a very beautiful woman is ridiculous; he is like the watchmen of the galleries who stand before the pictures with a ferocious air: 'Hands off!' Monsieur le Curé, I have no ambition to play the rôle of watchman at a museum."

The poor priest paid little attention to this discourse. He kept repeating the phrase in which he concentrated all his hopes: "But I assure you, Count, she is a splendid woman. A grand woman!"

"Oh, I do not doubt that, Monsieur le Curé, but I do not know Mlle. de Cléville, and under these conditions it would be impossible for me to make a serious answer."

Abbé Menot understood at last that, for this time, at any rate, he must beat a retreat. He took leave of M. de Séguiran, who thanked him respectfully—and perhaps without irony—for his proposal.

The enthusiasm of the Curé de Marizy had received a blow, but he did not by any means intend to renounce the hope of success. He resolved to see Mlle. Cléville without delay.

"Perhaps," he said, "she will be more tractable than the Count. What woman wishes is almost gained. If she were on my side she might suggest to me what to say to vanquish the prejudices of M. Pierre. Women are, it is said, good advisers, especially in matters that concern the heart."

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Abbé Menot looked at his watch; it was six. He knew that every evening, before the church was closed, Mlle. de Préchamp came to adore the Holy Sacrament, and that since her niece had been at the château, the latter accompanied her. He entered the church, and saw the aunt and niece kneeling on their prie-Dieus. He went toward them, and begged Mlle. de Cléville to accompany him to the sacristy, where, he said, he wished to speak to her particularly.

Perhaps Abbé Menot had sacrificed a little to hyperbole when he proclaimed Mlle. de Cléville incomparable, according to the esthetic principles of Saint Thomas Aquinas, but he was not to blame for the exaggeration. With her pretty face, her blue eyes, her delicately rounded chin, her mouth always ready to smile, Aline de Cléville was very charming. When she entered the sacristy, like a ray of light in a dark room, the Curé de Marizy assured himself that he was quite right in calling her "a splendid woman."

"I have asked you to come," he said to Aline, "to assure you that I am interested in your happiness. I pray you, mademoiselle, condescend to agree to marry M. Pierre de Séguiran."

"M. Pierre de Séguiran!" cried the young lady, bursting into a laugh. "Who is he? I do not know him."

"I will make you acquainted with him in a word; he is an exceedingly pious young man. An estimable young man."

"But," said Aline, "I don't want to get married! I really don't, indeed!"

"Count Pierre de Séguiran is an exceedingly pious young man," repeated the priest.

"THE ABBÉ MENOT WAS PUZZLED"

"To tell the truth," answered the girl, "your description does not sound at all attractive! Monsieur le Curé, I am pious without being what they call in Paris a bigot. A man who lowers his eyes, joins his hands, and makes genuflections to the right and the left, is not a man, but a priest. A man should have a robust, manly piety! And then—but I do not quite know how to put these things in words to you, Monsieur le Curé—it seems to me that a man who is exceedingly pious would be very awkward in embracing you, if he ever did embrace you.

"And," continued Mlle. Aline, "a pious young man doesn't understand life. A young man who has behaved badly, and who, on the day of his marriage, swears solemnly on his honor never to do so again, that is what flatters a young girl. I have always a sort of sympathy for the young men of whom they whisper: 'He is very wild!' I am much more interested in somebody's son who has gotten in debt to the tune of sixty-six thousand francs——"

"Sixty-six thousand francs!" cried the priest. "Oh, what beautiful candelabras that would buy! And what a steeple! my very dear brethren, what a steeple I could build with that money!"

"And even," continued Mlle. Aline, "if my husband should use expressions a little—improper, I should not care much. If he had, like my older brother, who is in the cavalry, the habit of swearing, I could easily close his lips before he had time to say the bad words. I would thus prevent him from committing a great sin."

"You would do a good deed," said the curé. Stunned by these warblings of a Parisian bird, he had somewhat lost his head. He did not know how to answer such prattle. He began to feel hopeless.

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Aline went back to rejoin Mlle. de Préchamp in the church, and the abbé was left alone to review what had passed.

"Menot," the priest said to himself, "you are a simpleton! It is not in Saint Thomas Aquinas, although he may be an ocean of science, where I must fish for inspiration."

The abbé thought for a long, long time, his face growing brighter and brighter as he worked out a plan that had suddenly occurred to him. When he went to bed that night he was determined on a new line of conquest.

The next morning the abbé despatched a note to M. de Séguiran, who was an enthusiastic amateur photographer, asking him to take a picture of the Marizy church, assuring him that it would be a work pleasing to God and something the abbé had long wished done. He appointed the day and hour, and then wrote to Mlle. de Cléville in almost identical words.

At the hour and the day which he had named, supplied with their apparatus, Pierre de Séguiran and Aline, accompanied by her Aunt, arrived. Introductions were made. The young man bowed low; Mlle. Aline nodded. There was a brief period of surprise and some awkwardness; neither had expected such a meeting. The Abbé Menot judged that the moment had come to explain.

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"I have thought," said he, "that it would be well to send photographs of my church, my poor church without a steeple, to the principal churchmen of the diocese; they will thus understand better what a lamentable spectacle an unfinished church presents, and I do not doubt that then I will be——"

"But it will take a great number of photographs!" said M. de Séguiran.

"That is why," replied the priest, "I have permitted myself to appeal to your charity at the same time as to that of Mlle. de Cléville. I wish to obtain the best possible views of the church, and I had an idea that you might help each other. You will select positions, develop, etc.—I am ignorant of the proper terms—together. The presbytery is entirely at your disposal. I am anxious that you should work here, so that I shall be able to give you my advice, my selection of proofs. You understand how near to my heart this imporant matter lies."

"I am able to refuse you nothing, when your church is in the question," said M. Séguiran with great heartiness.

"I am with you!" cried Mlle. Aline.

"To work, then!" said the curé. "It is for God that you work, since it is for His house that the work is done."

Although his psychology was somewhat rudimentary, nevertheless Abbé Menot was not altogether unskillful and undiplomatic. For how many marriages is not photography responsible? Between young people it allows frequent meetings under color of photographing with a mutual development. It explains and excuses departure from the usual proprieties; the intimacy of prolonged tête-à-têtes, the wanderings in solitudes in search of a beautiful site; it necessitates frequent touches and pressures of hands. When you see a young man and a girl taking photographs together, you may look for something else, for it is sure to come.

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That day they photographed the Marizy church on its four sides, and returned to the presbytery to give the negatives the necessary and urgent care. It was the same on the next day and on several succeeding days, and Mlle. de Préchamp sometimes dispensed with accompanying her niece. The curé observed with the most vigilant interest the behavior of the two young people toward each other. Little by little the relations between them became less ceremonious, less constrained; the ice thawed. M. Pierre de Séguiran did not have the heart of an anchorite, and, if he was pious, he was a man.

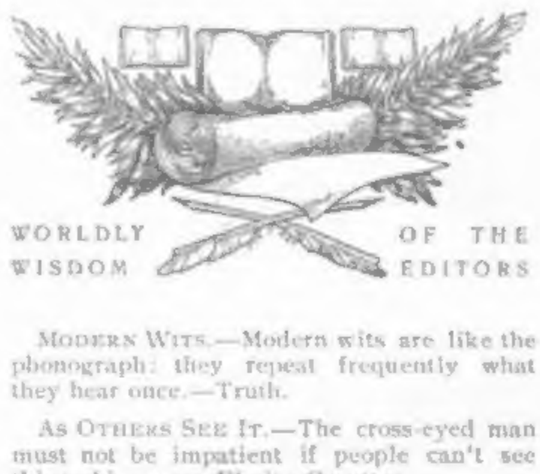
Even as the abbé had, he admired in Mlle. Aline "the splendor which form gives to matter," and he was not slow in feeling the charm which emanated from her "graceful architecture." He did not even combat his theories; he had entirely forgotten them. He was in love with Mlle. Aline in spite of her beauty. The niece of Mlle. de Préchamp, on her part, did not wish to know that M. de Séguiran had conducted himself badly, and she did not ask if he had debts. She did not defend herself against the caresses of Pierre's black eyes. She loved the loyalty of his face, the robust and simple elegance which he inherited from his race.

One day the Curé de Marizy had left M. de Séguiran and Mlle. Aline in his dining-room very much occupied in printing proofs. Sitting in a corner of a bower in the garden of the presbytery, the Abbé Menot recited his breviary. While murmuring the sacred verses, he sometimes raised his head. Suddenly he started; what was that he saw? The window of the dining-room which faced the bower was open. Across the branches of the trees of the bower he perceived M. de Séguiran standing in the recess of the window with his arm around Aline. The young people were looking at each other smiling, eye to eye. The Abbé Menot raised himself from his bench in order to see better. "God be praised!" he cried. "I have won my steeple! I have won my steeple!"

"HE WAS IN LOVE WITH MLLE. ALINE IN SPITE OF HER BEAUTY"

NEWSPAPER EPIGRAMS

WORLDLY WISDOM OF THE EDITORS



MODERN WITS.—Modern wits are like the phonograph: they repeat frequently what they hear once.—Truth.

AS OTHERS SEE IT.—The cross-eyed man must not be impatient if people can't see things his way.—Elmira Gazette.

MARITAL AID.—When a man helps his wife with her work she has to drop what she is doing to wait on him.—Atchison Globe.

LUXURY OF WORRY.—Worry over a thing bears the same relation to doing it that a nightmare bears to a horseback ride.—Puck.

PRAYERFUL SHOUTERS.—From the way some men offer prayers it is difficult to tell whether they are ministers or auctioneers.—Elmira Gazette.

CHORAL HARMONIES.—Every singer in a quartet can tell you three good reasons why the organization isn't absolutely perfect.—Elmira Gazette.

QUALIFIED TESTIMONY.—When a woman admits that a man is a good husband, she usually adds: "One of a very few."—Atchison Globe.

RELENTLESS TIME.—There is one drawback about the new year. If you don't like it, you can't pour it back into the jug.—Atlanta Journal.

VICARIOUS SAFEGUARDS.—Don't rely for your daughter's safety on the moral training other mothers are giving their sons.—Galveston News.

EPISTOLARY VACUUMS.—The nearest thing to a vacuum is a letter written merely for the purpose of keeping up a correspondence.—Glasgow Citizen.

SIZING UP A BACHELOR.—You can always tell a bachelor by noticing whether he carries a baby most like a lighted lamp or an old overcoat.—Tit-Bits.

MAN'S STRANGE AMBITIONS.—Some men are like race-horses; their only ambition seems to be a desire to lower their records.—Philadelphia Record.

THE ZENITH OF COURAGE.—Our idea of a rash, foolhardy man is one who will dare to read aloud in the presence of a school-teacher.—Atchison Globe.

NEWSPAPER ART.—It's wonderful how proud a man acts when he is going to have his picture published, and how humble he is after.—Washington Star.

PITY VERSUS ACTION.—What is a friend? A friend is a man who points out the silver lining in the clouds to avoid lending you an umbrella.—Lowell Courier.

SERMON ON A STAMP.—My son, observe the postage stamp. Its usefulness depends upon its ability to stick to one thing till it gets there.—Elmira Gazette.

MORE OF MAN'S CRUELTY.—It is hard lines to win a woman with bonbons for a year and feed her on bread and butter for a lifetime.—Detroit Free Press.

THE MONOCLE JUSTIFIED.—The single eyeglass in worn by the dude. The theory is, that he can see more with one eye than he can comprehend.—Ram's Horn.

EXPERIMENTAL HAPPINESS.—They say that money does not bring happiness. This is an experiment, however, which every one wishes to try for himself.—Tit-Bits.

PERSONAL PULL.—It takes a man with a good deal of influence with himself to do something he doesn't want to, and doesn't have to, because he ought to.—Puck.

THE SEXES SIZED UP.—When a family has quail for dinner, the woman wants company, so the neighbors will know it, but the man wants to be alone.—Atchison Globe.

THE PLEASURE OF GIVING.—The fact that it is not now regarded as good form to exhibit wedding presents takes away very materially from the pleasure of giving.—Boston Traveler.

SUBDUED PRIDE.—Once in a very great while you meet a man who owns a dog, and who doesn't think that he is really the most remarkable dog, by Jove, that ever lived.—Somerville Journal.

PERVERSITY OF BOYHOOD.—One of the queer things about juvenile humanity is the fact that the boy who has the measles is invariably the one whose society is most coveted.—Washington Star.

SATISFACTION DEFERRED.—There is nothing more tantalizing than to go home all primed to scold about something, and find company there and be obliged to act agreeably.—P. & S. Bulletin.

THE SATURDAY EVENING POST

FOUNDED A.D. 1728

Philadelphia, July 16, 1898

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The Cow on the Track

THREE-QUARTERS of a century ago George Stephenson stood in the British House of Commons defending his "absurd" idea of a steam locomotive that would go twelve miles an hour. The learned members, fortified behind the Gibraltar of their united ignorance, fired volley after volley of ridicule, contempt and abuse on the patient and undaunted inventor.

At last, one member rose with the majestic dignity of the angel Gabriel sounding the last trump, and propounded a question which he felt would floor Stephenson completely: "Ah, Mr. Stephenson, if a cow should get on the track before your wonderful engine running twelve miles an hour, would it not be a very awkward—situation?" "Well," said Stephenson, with his quaint accent, "yes, vera awkward for the coo!" The Cow on the track typifies the opposition that has the foolhardiness to stand on the path of all progress. This opposition has been found on every page of the world's history, in every phase of growth, development, progress—mental, moral, spiritual, physical, mechanical and commercial. The Cow has stood on the track in every step of the advance of nations, and has foolishly tried to bar the progress of individuals who have the courage of their convictions, and who dare to aspire to new and greater things.

To-day the question of territorial expansion is before the American people. The same opposition arises that developed at the time of each successive acquisition to the territory of the nation from the earliest days of our history to the present hour. In 1867, when we paid a paltry half a cent an acre for Alaska, the "knowing" ones of that day and generation ridiculed the folly of buying "a land of fogs, snow and desolation."

Sixty years ago, when Queen Victoria ascended the throne, the cry of protest arose against any increase to the land of the Kingdom. To-day the British Empire covers a territory equal to one-fifth of the land of the globe, and is stronger, greater, more powerful and influential than at any other period of its history.

We as a people must fearlessly accept and boldly carry out the line of action deemed best by the combined wisdom of our leaders. If territorial expansion be the verdict, we should give two or three warning shrieks of the whistle, and then, if the bovine opposition still stands in the path, let us open wide the throttle, put on extra steam, and send the great engine of our Empire thundering on its way.

To us as individuals there is a great lesson in defying and overruling all weakening opposition. The men who have moved the world to great things have ever been those who have had the courage of their convictions, who had carefully planned their line of action, and, knowing it to be right, have carried it to its full realization despite all obstacles. There is in this no counsel to blind stubborn action, nor that foolish egotism that wraps itself up in the mantle of infallibility. The wise man is he who hears counsel from all sides, but takes his own. What others say may help us in seeing our action in a wiser light, but we ourselves must ultimately decide. The position of the individual is that of the Judge who hears all the evidences, gets all the light possible on the subject from all sides, then weighs, analyzes, considers and decides. And a course once taken, if the individual sees and knows that course is right, should never be deviated from because of the views of others, who do not see his motives, his aims or his object. Beware of the Cow on the track.

Engineers of to-day know that there is usually more danger in slackening up before an obstacle than in rushing over it at full speed. Slackening up is equally weakening and dangerous to an individual purpose. It is as true of a train of thought or action as of a train of cars. The Cow will usually amble off the track rather than risk an argument with the engine of a strong individuality, throbbing with the suppressed energy and vitality of a determined and mighty purpose.

Success of the Popular Loan

WHEN the Government announced that the $200,000,000 loan would be a "popular" loan, many felt that, in spite of precaution, the syndicates would secure the larger share. Instead of that, the sum has been taken by the people in small amounts, and has been subscribed to several times over. The Government took every precaution to insure to the people an opportunity to secure the bonds; it even authorized department stores to receive subscriptions.

This loan is popular in a moral as well as in a technical sense. It has succeeded in bringing out the small savings to a degree never before approached by any Government loan. It has thus given to the people the surest kind of an investment, paying three per cent. annually, in quarterly payments. This is only just. The first chance should be given to the people, for this is their country, their Government; it has been handed down to them as a sacred heritage. By paying taxes they support it; by the sacrifice of money and even life they defend its honor, and their individual and combined achievements constitute its fame and present position among the nations of the earth. It is but fair and just that the small capitalist should be allowed to become a stockholder in this great National concern. Every man is intensely and practically interested in what he owns, in what has cost him something.

The wisdom of this move on the part of the Treasury Department is unmistakable. Every man who holds a Government bond is in business partnership with the Government. To him National issues assume a new aspect—they affect him directly. He will follow more closely the doings of Congress, and he will guard more zealously his right of suffrage. In his estimation petty partisan politics will be overshadowed by the best interests of the nation. He will be a deeper thinker, a broader man, a better citizen.

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The Value of Brains in Battle

IN NEARLY every engagement in this war we hear of the remarkable heroism displayed by our men, but undoubtedly there are daring deeds of courage being done by the Spaniards of which we hear nothing. The soldier, be he of any nationality, is a man of courage; but the most courageous man is not always the best soldier. There is no Turkish coward. Proud, stolid, fearless, he faces death without a tremor. He abandons himself to fate; if he is to die, he will die, and he charges through a rain of shot and shell with a serenity that is amazing. But all things considered, the Turk is not the best soldier. Bravery is essential, but an intelligent application of force is necessary to make it effective. The enraged bull has the courage, the brute force, the incentive to crush the life out of his tormentor; but the toreador supplies lack of strength with skill and intelligent use of what force he has.

So with nations: men, brute force, artillery, equipment—these are essential, but they are not all. It is courage plus the brains behind the guns which wins the fight. Battles become victories in the stillness of the General's tent, when he maps out a campaign, a line of action, a single onslaught. An Army to be brave must have brave leaders, it must be commanded by brave officers and it must be disciplined so that every element of strength may be utilized. In this very discipline comes increased courage on the part of the men and utmost confidence on the part of the General. This is why the result of the war with Spain has never been in doubt—we have courage, individual bravery, discipline and intelligent leadership.

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When Blood Will Tell

JUST now the country is watching the second generation of some of its great names to discover whether the strength of the fathers will show in the sons. While there is nothing more certain than that blood will tell—and by blood is not meant, necessarily, descent from those who made the highways unsafe when it was the polite and gentlemanly thing to be a robber baron—the too advantageous conditions under which many of these young men have started out has made impossible any real development of the powers which may be latent in them.

For Nature develops nothing good without a struggle; degeneracy is the product of her idleness. Progress toward a higher type is solely by constant effort and unceasing strife. Man is no exception to this law. Our great soldiers fought up to rank against a thousand bitter opponents; our great merchants gained wealth over a swarm of pushing competitors; and so on through the list of those who have achieved success in any calling. It is the constant conflict that strengthens the sinews of character.

But in the second generation of success we too often find the son, in defiance of Nature's final law of development, spending without earning, and receiving unearned, and consequently ridiculous, honors. Those who have done nothing but stagger under a father's historic name along the path of easy advancement are not likely to make history. It is the nameless ones who have been toiling up step by step whose names will mean something at the end of this war; for it is only with work that blood will tell.

ON SUCCESS IN BUSINESS

PRACTICAL TALKS BY PRACTICAL MEN

The Power of Concentration

"SEE a great lawyer like Rufus Choate," says Doctor Storrs, "in a case where his convictions are strong and his feelings are enlisted. He knew long ago, as he glanced over the box, that five of those in it were in sympathy with him; as he went on he became equally certain of seven; the number now has risen to ten; but two are still left whom he feels that he has not persuaded or mastered. Upon them he now concentrates his power, summing up the facts, setting forth anew and more forcibly the principles, urging upon them his view of the case with a more and more intense action of his mind upon theirs, until one only is left. Like the blow of a hammer, continually repeated until the iron bar crumbles beneath it, his whole force comes with ceaseless percussion on that one mind, till it has yielded, and accepts the conviction on which the pleader's purpose is fixed. Men say afterward, 'He surpassed himself.' It was only because the singleness of his aim gave unity and overpowering energy to the mind."

"Daniel Webster," said Sydney Smith, "was like a steam-engine in trousers."

Miss Martineau says: "Lord Brougham was at his chateau at Cannes when the daguerreotype process first came into vogue. An artist undertook to take a view of the chateau with a group of guests on the balcony. He asked his lordship to keep perfectly still for five seconds, and he promised that he would not stir, but, alas! he moved. Where Lord Brougham should have been there was only a blur.

"There is something," remarks Miss Martineau, "very typical in this. In the picture of our century, as taken from the life by history, this very man should have been the central figure. But, owing to his want of steadfastness, there will be forever a blur where Lord Brougham should have been. How many lives are blurs for want of concentration and steadfastness of purpose."

"I resolved, when I began to read law," said Edward Sugden, afterward Lord St. Leonard, "to make everything I acquired perfectly my own, and never go on to a second reading till I had entirely accomplished the first. Many of my competitors read as much in a day as I did in a week; but at the end of twelve months my knowledge was as fresh as on the day it was acquired, while theirs had disappeared completely from their memory."—Pushing to the Front.

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A Mistake in Values

SAYS a physician: "I wonder that women fail to appreciate how much nervous force, as well as physical strength, they consume in worrying over the little things of life. Look at the mother and housewife, as she goes about her tasks, and observe how often she utters an impatient exclamation, how often she sighs over her servants' shortcomings, how often she starts nervously at a noise from one of the children. And each time that she loses control over herself, her nerves, her temper, she loses just a little nervous force, just a little physical well-being, and moves a fraction of an inch farther on in the path that leads to premature old age and to invalidism."

If American women would only learn that it is not work, but worry, that kills! The average woman puts too much of herself into the correction of the children, into the ordering of her household, into the management of her servants. Only a few days ago I heard a mother and housekeeper say that she had "worried herself sick" over the fact that she must change her maid. "Indeed," she confessed, "I cried myself into a headache after having a row with Norah. These servants will be the death of me yet!" And this woman had, as a girl, been bright, sensible and educated. Still, she had descended to a "row with Norah"!

The trouble lies in the fact that women do not give to each event its just value. If John's coffee is muddy, it is a pity; but it is really not so dreadful a calamity as if John had failed in business. Then why exclaim, "Oh, dear!" and clasp one's hands nervously, and allow a frown to come between the brows, and tears of vexation to rise to the eyes? These only serve to make John's beverage more insipid to him, and to accentuate his sense of personal grievance. If he has no time to wait while a cup of coffee is properly made, let him, at least, bear away with him the memory of a cheerful wife, who, by her brightness, tried to make him forget the tasteless quality of his morning beverage. And since the welfare of the nation, or even of one family, does not depend on the proper dusting of a room, why get wildly excited on finding that Bridget has neglected to dust the legs of the hall table?

A clever woman said to an excitable sister: "My dear, do not use a pile-driver to pin on a bow of ribbon!" Do not many of us use the pile-driver when a light pressure of the finger will do the work as well and better? And if we exhaust all our reserve forces over the petty cares, what strength shall we have with which to meet the great trials of life? There is one text which it would be well for the nervous and excitable woman to say each day to her often-perturbed self:

"If thou hast run with the footmen, and they have wearied thee, then how canst thou contend with horses? And if in the land of peace wherein thou trustedst they wearied thee, then how wilt thou do in the swelling of Jordan?"—Harper's Bazar.

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The Man Who Succeeds

I SAW two men playing billiards. One played to attract the attention of the spectators. The other made no fancy shots, but pulled out every count in sight. He won the game.

I witnessed a game of foot-ball. One fellow on the losing team was a "gallus" chap. He waved his hands gracefully. When his team was applauded, he bowed and saluted the grand-stand. At the end of the game I heard the manager of the team say that they would have won but for the poor playing of this "gallus" chap.

I know a handsome salesman who attracts many girls to the store where he works. They love to stand and talk to him—he is so "witty." They listen and giggle. The proprietor tells me that he is the poorest salesman in the store.

I know an advertisement-writer who gets many compliments for the brilliant sentences and the witty verses in his advertisements. His employer tells me he is looking for a writer who will convince readers and bring business.

I notice, wherever I go, that the fellow who is bent on attracting the most attention to himself is not the fellow who succeeds.

I notice the fellow who has wood to saw, and saws it, is always in demand.—Brains.

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Story of Eugene Aram's Dream

THOMAS HOOD, the author of Eugene Aram's Dream, was born in London in 1798. At an early age he entered a counting-house where he "turned his stool into a Pegasus on three legs, every foot, of course, being a dactyl or a spondee." After a short stay in Dundee he returned to London and took up the art of engraving, at which he acquired a skill that in after years became a most valuable assistant to his literary labors. In 1821 he accepted an opening on a London magazine and began to take up literary life in earnest. His first work, Odes and Addresses, was written about this time, and received a very favorable comment from Sir Walter Scott. Other works followed in rapid succession, in which humor not only predominated, but expressed itself with freshness, originality and power. In 1829 he edited The Gem, and in this appeared his poem, Eugene Aram's Dream. A few years afterward he was beset by pecuniary difficulties, and his health failed. From a sick bed from which he never rose he conducted his work with surprising energy, and there composed those poems which will be immortal, The Song of the Shirt and The Bridge of Sighs. He died on May 3, 1845.

Eugene Aram's Dream was not a fancy of Hood, but was founded on fact. In 1745 a shoemaker, living in Yorkshire, who had received large sums of money from his wife, suddenly disappeared. About the same time one Eugene Aram left the same neighborhood and went to London, where he had formerly been employed as an usher in a school. Fourteen years afterward the body of the shoemaker was found, and suspicion pointed to Aram as the perpetrator of the foul deed. Inquiries were made of Aram's wife, and a man named Houseman was sought for. Aram had apparently been hidden in London, but his accomplice was captured, and became so terrified that he turned King's evidence and confessed the entire plot. Aram was soon after discovered at a school in Norfolk where he was usher, and was there arrested. He was condemned to death, and before being executed confessed that he had committed the crime, and declared that his punishment was merited.

This theme was naturally one which lent itself to attractive treatment to the literary men of the period, and it was not surprising that Hood should have made it the basis for his poem. But grewsome as the original tale is, Hood, in his poem, with rare power avoids the revolting side of the picture.

THE THREE MOST HEROIC DEEDS IN AMERICAN NAVAL HISTORY

I—PAUL JONES' FIGHT WITH THE SERAPIS

By GEORGE GIBBS

WITH DRAWING BY THE AUTHOR

NEVER, since the beginning of time, has there been a fiercer sea-fight than that between the Bonhomme Richard and the Serapis. No struggle has been more dogged—no victory greater.

Three—four times during the night-long battle any other man than Paul Jones would have struck his colors. His main-deck battery and crews blown to pieces—his waterline gaping with wounds—his side battered into one great chasm—still he fought on. His prisoners released—his masts tottering—his rudder gone—his ship afire below and aloft, his resistance was the more desperate. The thought of surrender never occurred to him—not even once.

After taking the Drake in a gallant fight, burning Whitehaven and terrorizing the whole British coast, Paul Jones went to Paris, where a commission to the converted East Indiaman, the Bonhomme Richard, awaited him. Putting her in the best shape possible, he boldly steered across for English waters. Paul Jones thirsted for larger game.

When Captain Pearson, with the new frigate Serapis, on a fine September afternoon in 1779, sighted Paul Jones, he signaled his merchant convoy to scatter, and piped all hands, who rushed jubilantly to quarters. The opportunity of his life had come, for the capture of the rebel frigate meant glory and a baronetcy. But he reckoned without his host.

Across the oily waters came the cheery pipes of the boatswain's mate of the Richard as Jones swung her up to meet her adversary, and Pearson knew his task would not be an easy one. The wind fell so light that the sun had sunk behind the light on Flamborough Head before the ships drifted up to fighting distance, and it was dark before they were ready to come to close quarters. On the Bonhomme Richard, Jones' motley crew, stripped to the waist, were drawn up at the guns, peering out through the ports at the dark shadow on the starboard bow they were slowly overhauling.

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The decks were sanded, the hammocks piled around the wheel, and there at the break of the poop stood the Captain, trumpet in hand, turning now and then to give an order to Richard Dale or his midshipmen, quiet and composed, with the smile on his face men saw before the fight with the Drake. The clumsy hulk rolled to the ground-swell and the creaking of the masts and clamping of the sheet-blocks was all that broke the silence of the night. No excitement was apparent, and the stillness seemed the greater for an occasional laugh from the gunners, or the rattle of a cutlass newly settled in its sheath.

Then close aboard from out the blackness came a voice:

"What ship is that?"

Paul Jones moved to the lee mizzen shrouds and slowly replied:

"I can't hear what you say."

He wanted all of his broadside to bear on the Englishman.

"What ship is that? Answer, or I shall fire."

The moment had arrived. For answer Jones leaned far over the rail of the poop and passed the word. A sheet of flame flashed from one of the Richard's after eighteen-pounders, followed by a terrific broadside which quaked the rotten timbers of the Richard from stem to stern. At the same time the guns of the Serapis were brought to bear, and her side seemed a mass of flame.

On the Richard, two of the eighteen-pounders burst at this first broadside, killing their crews, heaving up the deck above, and driving the men from the upper tier. The others cracked and were useless. In this terrible situation Paul Jones knew the chances for victory were against him, for he had thought his lower battery his mainstay in a broadside fight.

But if he felt daunted his men did not know it, for, amid the hurricane of fire and roar of the guns, his ringing voice, forward, aft, everywhere, told them that victory was still theirs for the gaining. He ordered all of the men from the useless battery to the main deck, and it was well he did so. For so terrific was the fire that the six ports of the Bonhomme Richard were blown into one, and the shot passed clear through the ship, cutting away all but the supports of the deck above. No one but the marines guarding the powder-monkeys were left there, but they stood firm at their posts while the balls came whistling through and dropped into the sea beyond. But the fire of Paul Jones' battery did not slacken for a moment. There seemed to be two men to take the place of every man who was killed, and he swept the crowded decks on the Serapis from cathead to gallery.

In the meanwhile, the Serapis, having the wind of the Richard, drew ahead, and Pearson hauled his sheets to run across and rake Jones' bows. But he miscalculated, and the American ran her boom over the stern of the Englishman. For a moment neither ship could fire at the other and they hung together in silence, fast locked in a deadly embrace. Jones' crew, eager to renew the battle, glared forward at the shimmering battle-lanterns of the Englishman, cursing because their guns would not bear. The smoke lifted, and Paul Jones, who was deftly training one of his guns at the main mast of the Serapis, saw Pearson slowly climb up on the rail. The silence had deceived the Englishman, and his voice came clearly across the decks.

"Have you struck?"

A harsh laugh broke from the Richard.

"Struck!" Paul Jones' answer came in a roar that was heard from truck to kelson. "I haven't begun to fight yet!"

A cheer went up that drowned the rattle of the musketry from the tops, and the fight went on. Swinging around again the jib boom of the Serapis came over the poop so that Paul Jones could touch it. Rushing to the mast, he seized a hawser, and quickly taking several turns with it, lashed the bowsprit of his enemy to his mizzen rigging. Grappling irons were dropped over on the enemy—and the battle became a battle to the death.

"Well done, lads; we've got her now," and Jones turned to his nine-pounders, which renewed their fire. Both crews fought with the fury of desperation. The men at the guns, stripped to the buff, grimed and blackened with powder, worked with extraordinary quickness. Every shot told. But the fire of the Serapis was deadly, and she soon silenced every gun but Jones' two nine-pounders, which he still worked with dogged perseverance. He sent Dale below to hurry up the powder charges. To his horror Dale found that the Master-at-Arms, knowing the ship to be sinking, had released a hundred English prisoners. The situation was terrifying. With foes within and foes without there seemed no hope. But Dale, with ready wit, ordered the prisoners to the pumps and to fight the fire near the magazine, telling them that their only hope of life lay in that. And at it they went, until they dropped of sheer exhaustion.

The Doctor passed Dale as he rushed upon deck. "Sir," said he to Jones, "the water is up to the lower deck and we will sink with all hands in a few minutes."

Jones turned calmly to the Doctor as though surprised. "What, Doctor," said he, "would you have me strike to a drop of water? Here, help me get this gun over."

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The Surgeon ran below, but Jones got the gun over, and served it, too.

To add to the horror of the situation, just at this moment a ball from a new enemy came screaming just over the head of Paul Jones, and the wind of it knocked his hat off. The carpenter, Stacy, ran up breathlessly.

"My God, she's firing on us—the Alliance, sir," and the Captain glanced astern where the flashes marked the position of the crazy Landais, firing on his own consort.

If ever Paul Jones had an idea of hauling his colors, it must have been at this moment.

He had been struck on the head by a splinter, and the blood surged down over his shoulder—but he didn't know it.

Just then a fear-crazed wretch rushed past him, trying to find the signal halyards, crying wildly as he ran:

"Quarter. For God's sake, quarter. Our ship is sinking."

Jones heard the words, and turning quickly he hurled an empty pistol at the man, which struck him squarely between the eyes, knocking him headlong down the hatch.

Pearson heard the cry.

"Do you call for quarter?" he shouted.

For answer Paul Jones' nine-pounder cut away the rail on which he was standing.

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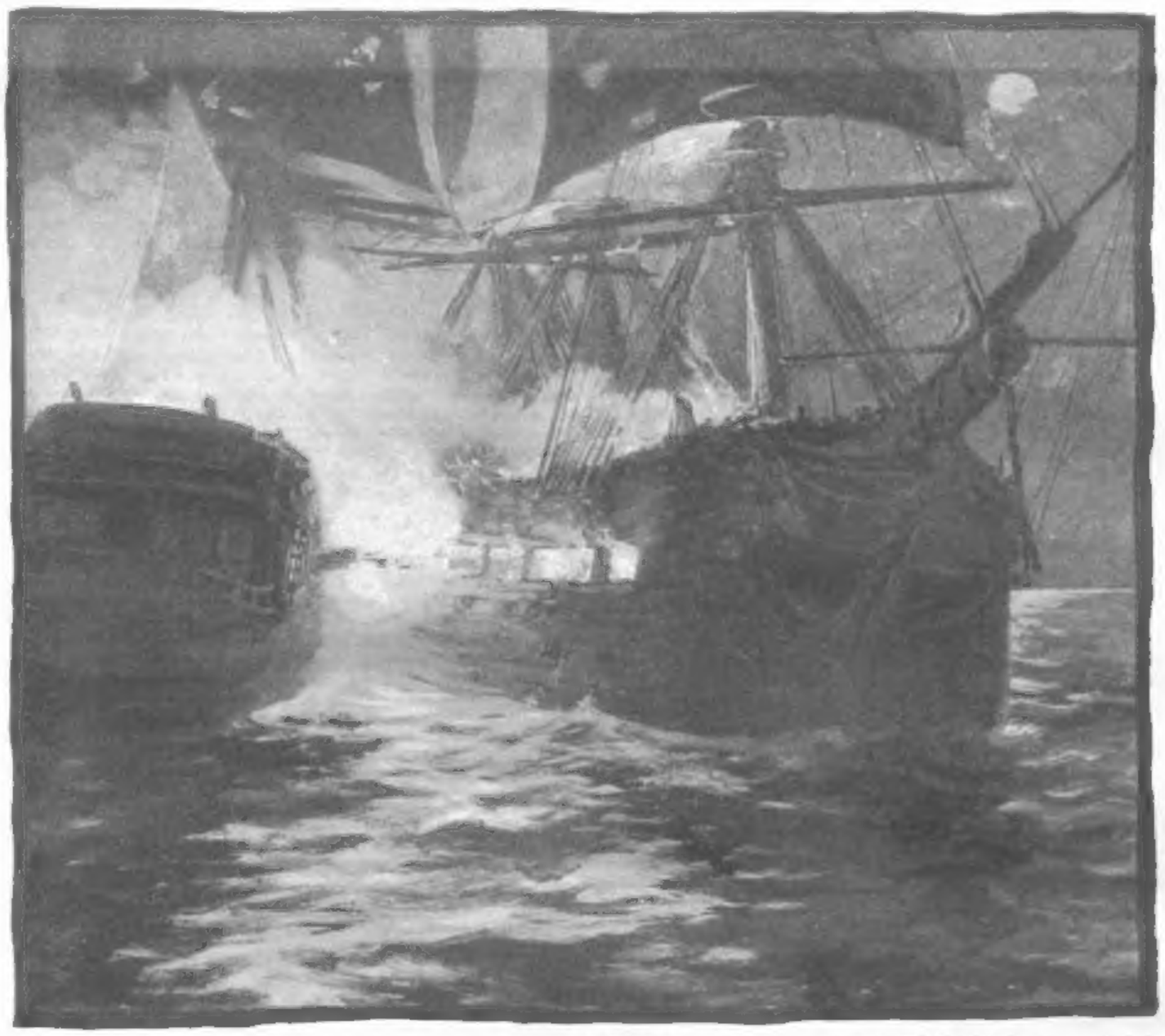
Then came the turn in the fight. Horrible as had been the slaughter on the Richard, the quick flashes from his tops told Paul Jones that his marines had not been placed aloft in vain. He saw the crew on the spar deck of his enemy fall one by one, and men fleeing below for safety. Raising his trumpet, he cheered his topmen to further efforts. In their unceasing fire lay his only hope.

One of them in his main top, with great deliberateness, laid aside his musket and picked up a leather bucket of hand grenades. Jones watched him anxiously as, steadying himself, he slowly lay out along the foot rope of the main yard. His Captain knew what he meant to do. He reached the lift, which was directly over the main hatch of the Serapis. There he coolly fastened his bucket to the sheet-block, and, taking careful aim, began dropping his grenades down the open hatchway. The second one fell on a row of exposed powder charges. The explosion that followed shook sea and sky, and the air was filled with blackened corpses. The smoke came up in a mighty cloud, and soon the forks of flame licked through it and up the rigging.

That was the supreme moment of Paul Jones' life, for he knew that victory was his. The fire from the Serapis ceased as if by magic. The explosion had blown a whole battery to eternity, and, as the smoke cleared a little, he could see the figure of Pearson leaning against the pin-rail, almost deserted,



"SO TERRIFIC WAS THE FIRE THAT THE SIX PORTS OF THE BONHOMME RICHARD WERE BLOWN INTO ONE, AND THE SHOT PASSED CLEAR THROUGH THE SHIP"

his few men running here and there, stricken mad with fear. Then the English Captain stumbled heavily, as though blind, over the slippery deck toward the mizzen, where the flag had been nailed, and with his own hands tore it frantically from the mast.

A mighty victory for Paul Jones it was. But now, as the flames mounted higher through the rifts of smoke, he could see at what a cost. His dead lay piled upon the poop so that he could not get to the gangway. His masts were shot through and through, and strained at the stays at every lift of the bow. The fire, though beaten from the magazine, still burst from the forward hatches, firing the tangled rigging and outlining them in its lurid hues against the black beyond. The water had risen, and the freshening breeze lashed the purple foam in at the lower-deck ports. For hours the men fought against their new enemy, but toward five in the morning their Captain decided that no human power could save her. He then began moving his wounded and prisoners to the Serapis.

The first gray streaks of dawn saw Paul Jones upon the poop of the Serapis, looking to leeward where the Richard lay rolling heavily. Her flag, shot away again and again, had been replaced and floated proudly from its staff. Lower and lower she sank into the water, mortally wounded, a heavy swell washing in at the lower gun-ports. At length, heaving her stern high in the air, her pennant fluttering a last defiance to the captured Serapis, she slowly disappeared, dying grandly as she had lived.

After Pearson's release, the British Government offered ten thousand guineas for Paul Jones, dead or alive. Forty-two British frigates chased him and scoured the Channel, but Jones passed within sight of them, the American flag flying at the mast, and reached France in safety, where he became the hero of the hour. And so long as the Stars and Stripes fly over American war-ships will the men who know hold up as their ideal of a dogged warrior and gallant seaman the hero of Flamborough—Paul Jones.

* * *

Captain Sigsbee's First Battle

When He Lost His Coat-Tail

FEW persons know that Captain Charles D. Sigsbee was one of the favored graduates from the Naval Academy who took a diploma and mounted a brand new frock coat one day, took ship the next day for the Gulf, and a month later had the glory of serving with Farragut at Mobile Bay, says the New York Sun. This story of him is told by a fellow-officer:

There were two of those youngsters of the class of 1864 who were temporarily assigned to the Hartford, Farragut's flag-ship. One of them was Charles D. Sigsbee. I was an ensign on Farragut's staff, and was chiefly instrumental in bringing the two officers to the flag-ship. In preparing for the great battle in Mobile Bay, Captain Drayton, chief of the staff, assigned duties to every soul on board. To Ensign Sigsbee was given the command of the forward powder division, while I had the charge of the after powder division.

The Hartford had gone ahead—four bells. Drayton had seen the Tecumseh go down with more than one hundred souls, and had turned grape, canister and shrapnel loose upon Fort Morgan's ramparts and escarpments. No human nerve could stand so fierce a storm. The fort's fire was suppressed for the time. Sigsbee's men forward, hushed by death in many forms, had caught the lull in the battle, but my division, being yet bloodless, though by no means voiceless, kept up its vocal interest in the conflict.

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I never did hear whether the loud music from the after powder division had caught Farragut's ear in his lashment up in the main rigging, but I do know that Sigsbee came from forward and said: "Drayton wants you to stop that infernal noise." Then he asked if there were any casualties, and being told that there were none, he said: "Poor Hegenbotham is killed." While talking, Sigsbee leaned against a stanchion.

The next moment there was a crash against the side of the ship within ten feet of where we stood. It seemed as if everything gave way. I saw the inner planking break, and saw that planking drive out the junior officers' messroom bulkhead. I saw men and boys knocked down. The air was full of dust and splinters and flying fragments. I saw the stanchion against which Sigsbee was leaning come down, broken in the middle, and one jagged end of it go flying. I saw Sigsbee stagger, and I rushed to him.

"Sigsbee! are you hurt?" I cried.

The gallant youngster drew himself up proudly and said: "No, sir; but I would like to know where that went!"

"The shot went through the ship."

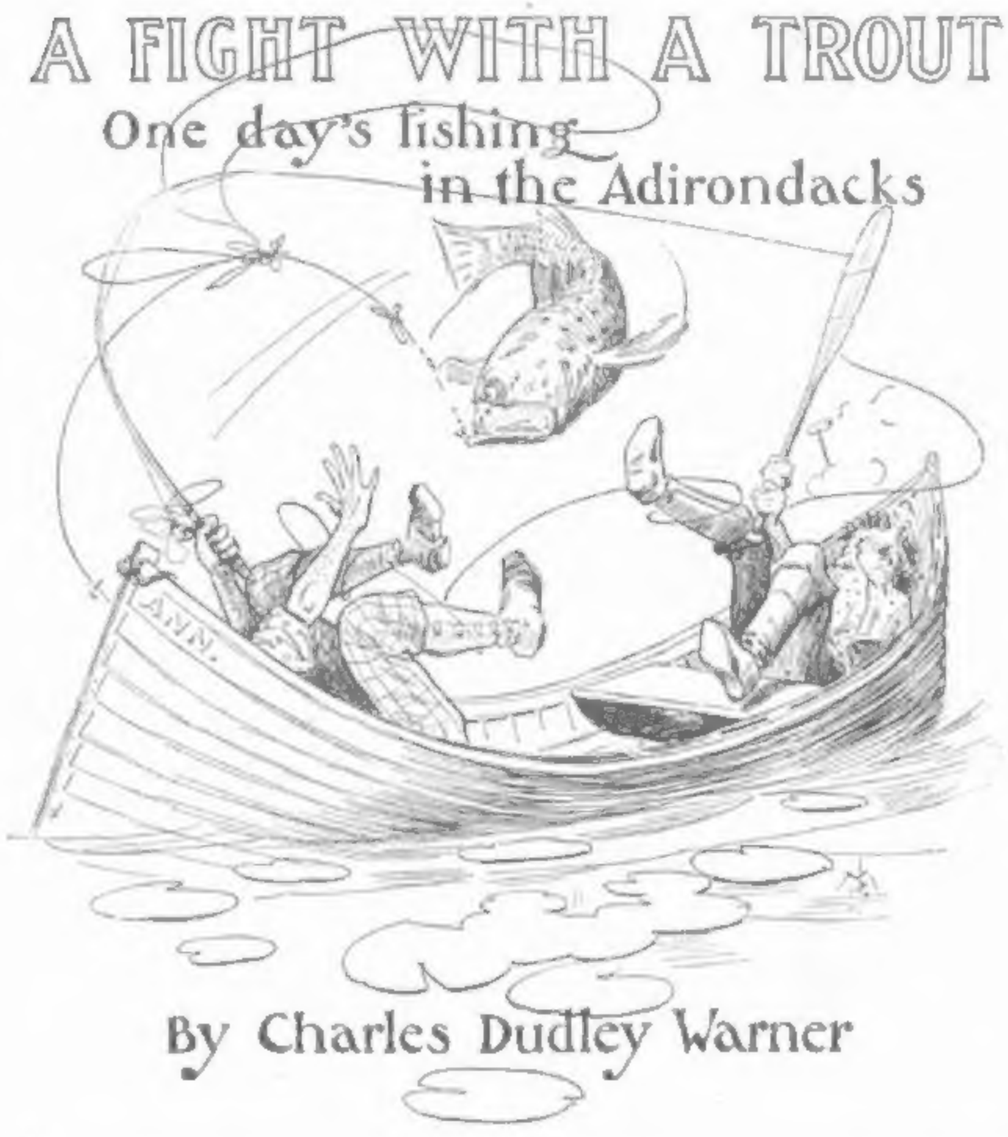
"I don't mean that," said Sigsbee. "Where's the skirt of my coat?"

And he felt around his hip. One skirt of his brand-new uniform coat was gone. The jagged end of the broken stanchion had caught the coat and ripped it out of sight.

The Tennessee was playing into us pretty fast just then, and Sigsbee, coatless, went to his forward station. The battle was open again, and now it was a fight to the death and to the end. The Hartford's forty dead told the sad story of her greatest battle.

A FIGHT WITH A TROUT

One day's fishing in the Adirondacks



By Charles Dudley Warner

TROUT-FISHING in the glorious Adirondacks would be a more attractive pastime than it is but for the popular notion of its danger. The trout is a retiring and harmless animal, except when he is aroused and forced into a combat, and then his agility, fierceness and vindictiveness become apparent.

No one who has studied the excellent pictures representing men in an open boat, exposed to the assaults of long, enraged trout flying at them through the open air with open mouths, ever ventures with his rod upon the lonely lakes of the forest without a certain terror, or ever reads of the exploits of daring fishermen without a feeling of admiration for their heroism. Most of their adventures are thrilling, and all of them are, in narration, more or less unjust to the trout—in fact, the object of them seems to be to exhibit, at the expense of the trout, the shrewdness, the skill and the muscular power of the sportsman. My own simple story has few of these recommendations.

We had built our bark camp one summer, and were staying on one of the popular lakes of the Saranac region. It would be a pretty region if it were not so flat. It would be an excellent sporting region also (for there is water enough) if the Fish Commissioners would stock the waters, and if previous hunters had not pulled all the hair and skin off from the deers' tails. Formerly sportsmen had a habit of catching the deer by the tails, and of being dragged in mere wantonness round and round the shores. It is well known that, if you seize a deer by this "holt," the skin will slip off like the peel from a banana. This reprehensible practice was carried so far that the traveler is now hourly pained by the sight of peeled-tail deer mournfully sneaking about the wood.

We had been hearing for weeks of a small lake in the heart of the virgin forest, some ten miles from our camp, which was alive with trout—unsophisticated, hungry trout; the inlet to it was described as stiff with them. In my imagination I saw them lying there in ranks and rows, each a foot long, three tiers deep, a solid mass. The lake had never been visited, except by stray sable hunters in the winter, and was known as the Unknown Pond. I determined to explore it, fully expecting, however, that it would prove to be a delusion, as such mysterious haunts of trout usually are. Confiding my purpose to Luke, we secretly made our preparations, and stole away from the shanty one morning just at daybreak.

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Five miles through a tamarack swamp brought us to the inlet of Unknown Pond, upon which we embarked our fleet and paddled down its vagrant waters. They were at first sluggish, winding among *triste* fir trees, but gradually developed a strong current. At the end of three miles a loud roar ahead warned us that we were approaching rapids, falls and cascades. We had our choice of shouldering our loads and making a *détour* through the woods, or "shooting the rapids." Naturally we chose the more dangerous course. Shooting the rapids has often been described, and I will not repeat the description here. It is needless to say that I drove my frail bark through the boiling rapids, over the successive waterfalls, amid rocks and vicious eddies, and landed, half a mile below, with whitened hair and a boat half full of water, and that the guide was upset, and boat, contents, and man were wildly strewn along the shore.

After this common experience we went quickly on our journey, and, a couple of hours before sundown, reached the lake. If I live to my dying day I never shall forget its appearance. The lake is almost an exact circle, about a quarter of a mile in diameter. The forest about it was untouched by the axe and unkilled by artificial flooding. The azure water had a perfect setting of evergreens, in which all the shades of the fir, the balsam, the pine and the spruce were perfectly blended; and at intervals on the shore in the emerald rim blazed the ruby of the cardinal-flower. It was at once evident that the unruffled waters had never been vexed by the keel of a boat. But what chiefly attracted my attention, and amused me, was the boiling of the water, the bubbling and breaking, as if the lake were a vast kettle, with a fire underneath. A tyro would have been astonished at this common phenomenon; but sportsmen will at once understand me when I say that the water boiled with the breaking trout. I studied the surface for some time to see upon what sort of flies they were feeding, in order to suit my cast to their appetites; but they seemed to be at play rather than feeding, leaping high in the air in graceful curves, and tumbling about as we see them in the Adirondack pictures.

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It is well known that no person who regards his reputation will ever kill a trout with anything but a fly. It requires some training on the part of the trout to take to this method. No sportsman, however, will use anything but a fly, except he happens to be alone. While Luke launched my boat and arranged his seat in the stern, I prepared my rod and line. The rod is a bamboo, weighing seven ounces, which has to be spliced with a winding of silk thread every time it is used. This is a tedious process; but, by fastening the joints in this way, a uniform spring is secured in the rod. No one devoted to high art would think of using a socket joint. My line was forty yards of untwisted silk upon a multiplying reel. The "leader" (I am very particular about my leaders) had been made to order from a domestic animal with which I had been acquainted. The fisherman requires as good a catgut as the violinist. The interior of the house cat, it is well known, is exceedingly sensitive; but it may not be so well known that the reason why some cats leave the room in distress when a piano-forte is played is because the two instruments are not in the same key, and the vibrations of the chords of the one are in discord with the catgut of the other. On six feet of this superior article I fixed three artificial flies—a simple brown hackle, a gray body with scarlet wings, and one of my own invention, which I thought would be new to the most experienced fly-catcher. The trout fly does not resemble any known species of insect. It is a "conventionalized" creation, as we say of ornamentation. The theory is, that, fly-fishing being a high art, the fly must not be a tame imitation of Nature, but an artistic suggestion of it.

I took my stand in the centre of the tipsy boat, and Luke shoved off and slowly paddled toward some lily-pads, while I began casting—unlimbering my tools, as it were. It is not difficult to learn to cast, but it is difficult to learn not to snap off the flies at every throw. Of this, however, we will not speak. I continued casting for some moments, until I became satisfied that there had been a miscalculation. Either the trout were too green to know what I was at, or they were dissatisfied with my offers. I reeled in, and changed the flies (that is, the fly that was not snapped off). After studying the color of the sky, of the water, and of the foliage, and the moderated light of the afternoon, I put on a series of beguilers, all of a subdued brilliancy, in harmony with the approach of evening. At the second cast, which was a short one, I saw a splash where the leader fell, and gave an excited jerk. The next instant I perceived the game, and did not need the unfeigned "dam" of Luke to convince me that I had snatched his felt hat from his head and deposited it among the lilies. Discouraged by this, we whirled about, and paddled over to the inlet, where a little ripple was visible in the tinted light. At the very first cast I saw that the hour had come. Three trout leaped into the air. The danger of this manœuvre all fishermen understand. It is one of the commonest in the woods; three heavy trout taking hold at once, rushing in different directions, smash the tackle into flinders. I evaded this catch, and threw again. I recall the moment. A hermit thrush, on the tip of a balsam, uttered his long, liquid, evening note. Happening to look over my shoulder, I saw the peak of Marcy gleam rosy in the sky (I can't help it that Marcy is fifty miles off, and cannot be seen from this region: these incidental touches are always used). The hundred feet of silk swished through the air, and the tail fly fell as lightly on the water as a three-cent piece (which no slamming will give the weight of a ten) drops upon the contribution plate. Instantly there was a rush, a swirl, I struck, and "Got him, by——!" Never mind what Luke said I got him by. "Out on a fly" continued that irreverent guide; but I told him to back water, and make for the centre of the lake. The trout, as soon as he felt the prick of the hook, was off like a shot, and took out the whole of the line with a rapidity that made it smoke. "Give him the butt!" shouted Luke. It is the usual remark in such an emergency. I gave him the butt; and, recognizing the fact and my spirit, the trout at once sank to the bottom, and sulked. It is the most dangerous mood of a trout, for you cannot tell what he will do next. We reeled up a little, and waited five minutes for him to reflect. A tightening of the line enraged him, and he soon developed his tactics. Coming to the surface, he made straight for the boat faster than I could reel in, and evidently with hostile intentions.

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"Look out for him!" cried Luke, as he came flying in the air. I evaded him by dropping flat in the bottom of the boat; and, when I picked my traps up, he was spinning across the lake as if he had a new idea: but the line was still fast. He did not run far. I gave him the butt again—a thing he seemed to hate, even as a gift. In a moment the evil-minded fish, lashing the water in his rage, was coming back again, making straight for the boat, as before. Luke, who was used to these encounters, having read of them in the writings of travelers he had accompanied, raised his paddle in self-defense. The trout left the water about ten feet from the boat, and came directly at me, with fiery eyes, his speckled sides flashing like a meteor. I dodged as he whisked by with a vicious slap of his bifurcated tail, and nearly upset the boat. The line was, of course, slack, and the danger was that he would entangle it about me and carry away a leg. This was evidently his game; but I untangled it, and only lost a breast-button or two by the swiftly moving string. The trout plunged into the water with a hissing sound, and went away again with all the line on the reel. More butt; more indignation on the part of the captive. The contest had now been going on for half an hour, and I was getting exhausted. We had been back and forth across the lake, and round and round the lake. What I feared was, that the trout would start up the inlet, and wreck us in the bushes. But he had a new fancy, and began the execution of a manœuvre which I had never read of. Instead of coming straight toward me, he took a large circle, swimming rapidly, and gradually contracting his orbit. I reeled in, and kept my eye on him. Round and round he went, narrowing his circle. I began to suspect the game, which was: to twist my head off. When he had reduced the radius of his circle to about twenty-five feet, he struck a tremendous pace through the water. Instead of turning round with him, as he expected, I stepped to the bow, braced myself, and let the boat swing. Round went the fish, and round we went like a top. I saw a line of Mount Marcys all round the horizon; the evening star was a perfect circle of light—a hoop of gold in the heavens. We whirled and reeled, and reeled and whirled. I was willing to give the malicious beast butt and line, and all, if he would only go the other way for a change.

When I came to myself, Luke was gaffing the trout at the boat-side. After we had got him in and dressed him, he weighed three-quarters of a pound. Fish always lose by being "got in and dressed." It is best to weigh them while they are in the water. The only really large one I ever caught got away with my leader when I first struck him. He was a beauty! He weighed ten pounds.

EDITOR'S NOTE—This story, A Fight With a Trout, was taken from In the Wilderness, a collection of short stories, by Charles Dudley Warner. Published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

MEN & WOMEN OF THE HOUR

Close-Range Studies of Contemporaries

The Boyhood of Admiral Dewey Doctor Dewey had a name for his son George which has a strangely profound sound after the years—he called him his little hero." Well the Doctor knew the timber of which the lad was made says Winston Churchill, in the American Review of Reviews. It was not given him to foresee when George was scampering barefoot over the hills the great victory in tropic climes that was to quicken the pulse of the world but before the Doctor died he had talked with Farragut, in New York, where the Admiral seized his hand and said with genuine emotion "Sir, your son George is a worthy and a brave officer. He has an honorable record and some day will make his own mark."

The cottage where George was born and passed his childhood still stands, but it has been removed some distance down the street from its old site, directly across from the white columned State House. In bygone days it was a vine-clad cottage and the Onion River ran through the pleasant fields and gardens behind it, between weeping willows and stone walls. The steep velvet side of a hill rises from its farther bank. Little George loved that river, his bare feet knew every stone in it. One day he was summoned out of the rapids and dragged reluctant into the parlor to meet "company." The "company" still have a vivid memory of the very small boy with the roguish black eyes and restless face—none too clean—of the sinewy, bare little legs, and ever the battered straw hat, innocent of brim, which he held bashfully in his little hand while the introduction was in progress.

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President Dole of the Hawaiian Republic The character and career of President Dole, of Hawaii, are interesting. In the prime of manhood says Hon. Lorin A. Thurston, in the Outlook respected by his political opponents, loved by his supporters, the recognized head of an independent nation, he has for five years persistently advocated a policy which will reduce him to the ranks of plain citizenship without other personal reward or benefit than such as will accrue to the Government and people of Hawaii as a whole.

Physically Mr. Dole is a magnificent specimen of manhood, standing six feet two inches with a refined, intellectual expression, and manner. He is of a most genial and democratic nature; fond of horseback riding, hunting and boating, owns a yacht, which he frequently sails himself in cruising and local yacht racing; while he also takes a leading part in the literary and social life of the country. His favorite relaxation is a yachting and shark fishing expedition to Pearl Harbor, or climbing the rugged mountains adjacent to Honolulu in a hunt for wild goats.

Although he was the leader in the overthrow of the monarchy and the suppression of the royalist insurrection in 1895, he is on personal friendly terms with the ex-Queen Princess Kaiulani, and the leading royalist supporters. It is literally true that he has not a personal enemy in Hawaii. His parents went from Maine as missionaries to Hawaii, and founded Oahu College, at Honolulu. President Dole was born in the Hawaiian Islands in 1844.

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Miss Helen Long's Work of Mercy What women can do for their country in time of war Helen Long, daughter of the Secretary of the Navy, John D. Long, and three of her friends, are now doing, says the New York Sun. They are serving as volunteer nurses, without pay, in the Naval Hospital on Flushing Avenue, Brooklyn. All have experience as nurses, having come direct from the Johns Hopkins Hospital, in Baltimore. At present there are 150 patients in the Naval Hospital, a much larger number than usual, and the staff of nurses, all men hitherto, has been taxed to the utmost. Surgeon-Medical-Director Wood welcomed the four additions gladly. After their first day of service, the medical staff had no doubts of their efficiency and there was an appreciable improvement in the spirits of the patients put in their care.

The sick men are delighted to have them there, though the "new young ladies," as the men call them, cannot, of course, divide their attention between all the inmates. The four girls regard their appointment, with all the work it involves, as a great piece of good fortune. When the unselfishness of their conduct was remarked upon, they disclaimed any such quality with becoming modesty.

"If we had not come," said Miss Long, "there are many others who would have been glad to get the opportunity. We are glad to do what little we can for the men who are fighting for our country, and you must remember, too, that this is all valuable experience to us—experience that perhaps could not get in any other way. We gain much more than we give."

Miss Long forgot to mention that by thus volunteering they have given up their summer vacations and devoted themselves to hard work throughout the hot season, as the calls upon the hospital will increase rather than decrease as the season advances. The four are commissioned as nurses, and so rated in the Navy Department records, but they are serving as volunteers, for they give their services without pay.

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William C. Whitney's Withdrawal from Business The announcement that William C. Whitney has withdrawn from active business life calls attention anew to a man who has made himself a political factor of the greatest importance in the United States. This step was ostensibly the result of the illness of his wife, for whom Mr. Whitney has the greatest attachment. In politics Mr. Whitney has achieved an enviable reputation, and in business he has been even more successful than in politics. He has shown his keen business judgment in many a Wall Street transaction, and speculators have a profound respect for his opinions.

To him was due much that has been accomplished in the directing of New York's transportation facilities. Russell Sage once said that when "Bill Whitney started in to do a thing it was just as well for the other fellows to get into line." Mr. Whitney is reputed to be a millionaire many times over. His avowed intention is to pass the rest of his life in the enjoyment of his wealth and in an endeavor to nurse his wife back to health.

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The Commander of the Cadiz Armada The ships which make up the misterfully inactive Cadiz Armada, which is continually announced as about to sail for America, and is now supposed to be heading for Manila are under the command of Admiral Camara. His reputation in Spain is that of a ferocious and unconquerable fighter. He is intensely selfish, and thoroughly unscrupulous. The letter written by Ramon Carranza, at Montreal, intercepted by John E. Wilkie, and given to the press recently said: "The election of Señor Camara, I fear, will be fatal although he may have a good chief of staff. No one could possibly suit him, because he is very capricious besides is not a hard worker; on the contrary, he is lazy, and would pay no attention to the advice of any one."

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General Kefer Gets an Appointment Gen. J. Warren Kiefer, who has recently been appointed Major General by the President, was at one time Speaker of the National House of Representatives. In 1883 he retired from public life and went to his home in Springfield, Ohio. He was born in Ohio sixty-two years ago. He became a lawyer and a strong anti-slavery man, and took an active part in the campaign of 1860. At the outbreak of the war he volunteered, and after various promotions he was finally brevetted Major General by President Lincoln for gallant and meritorious services. In 1874 he entered the field of politics, and served as Representative from Ohio in several Congresses. He was Speaker during the session of the Forty-seventh Congress.

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Lieut. Victor Blue as a Naval Cadet Lieut. Victor Blue, who finally succeeded in locating the Spanish fleet under Cervera, is the man of the hour. He has been in the naval service fifteen years, having entered the Academy at Annapolis in 1883, says the New York Times. He was assigned at once to sea duty as Passed Naval Cadet, in which capacity he served for two years. He then was appointed an Assistant Engineer. Three years of life among the boilers were enough for him, however, and he exchanged places with Ensign Burke, of the line, in September, 1892. Five years later Victor Blue was promoted to a Lieutenancy, Junior Grade, and at the beginning of the present war was made full Lieutenant, subject to confirmation.

Lieutenant Blue is a native of South Carolina, and is one of the most popular men in the service. One of his [illegible] is Lieut. A. H. Scales, an [illegible] of the Topeka, at the Brooklyn Navy Yard. According to Lieutenant Scales, Lieutenant Blue is a powerful man six feet in height with black hair and brown eyes, and a typical Southern gentleman. While at the Academy he was a general favorite, owing to his kindly disposition and invariable good nature. He was never thought to be particularly brilliant, and was not a leader in athletic sports, though he took a keen interest in all games.

His classmates cannot recall any particularly distinguishing feature of his career at Annapolis, except the fact that he made an attempt to study the violin, much to the discomfort of his roommate and his colleagues who occupied adjoining rooms.

"He played the fiddle pretty badly," said one of them, "and sang worse, but he was such a big, noble hearted fellow that we had to forgive anything he did, and he would turn off every remark with a joke or with some good natured harmless banter."

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Lieutenant Young, the Colored Officer Charles Young, one of the three colored young men who have graduated from West Point in its entire history, is now a First Lieutenant of the Ninth United States Cavalry, says the Chicago Times-Herald. He is large in size, and of an imposing soldierly appearance. He is but thirty-one years of age, and was born in Kentucky. His father was a gallant soldier in the Federal Army during the Rebellion. After graduating from the Ripley High School at the age of sixteen years, Charles applied himself diligently to the study of Greek and Latin preparatory to entering a Jesuit college in Cincinnati, Ohio. His ambition then was to become a priest. After two years of such preparation he entered a competitive examination for a cadetship from the Twelfth Ohio Congressional District and won the appointment over twenty-seven contestants.

After graduating in 1880, Young was assigned to duty with the Ninth United States Cavalry as Second Lieutenant. In 1894 President Cleveland assigned him to duty at Wilberforce University, Ohio, as professor of military tactics and science. His work at this school has been of the highest character. The reports that have been sent to Washington by the inspecting officers show that the students of Wilberforce under Lieutenant Young's training are among the best drilled found in any of the colleges.

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Poultney Bigelow, the Army Critic Poultney Bigelow, the journalist and traveler, has recently drawn public attention to himself by reason of his denunciation of the conduct of the Army officers. His articles have called forth indignant protests from all sides. He has a widespread reputation as a writer of magazine articles and books of travel. It is to be presumed that of his standing he knows whereof he writes, but the fact that he has lived so much abroad would seem to intimate that he may not have studied Army conditions in America either long enough or deeply enough. At any rate, now that public attention has been directed to the treatment of our soldiers whether it be good or bad there will be little opportunity for gross abuses to be carried on.

Poultney Bigelow is the son of John Bigelow, at one time American plenipotentiary at Paris. He was educated in Germany and became acquainted with the German Emperor, by whom, it is said, Mr. Bigelow is regarded with great favor. He is forty-three years old and is engaged on a historical work.

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An Audience With the Emperor of China Eugen Wolff famous German traveler has just had an audience with the Emperor of China, says Over Sea Notes, and he thus describes what he saw: "In the Hall of the Flowers of Literature there was a raised estrade, and on it the Son of Heaven sat on a chair behind a table. On the table lay a staff of jasper, his lucky sceptre, and a box containing his seal and various brushes for writing. His Majesty looks older than he is in reality. His eyes looked tired, but to-day they shone artificially with the help of opium or morphine. His head is slightly bent, and through his slanting eyes he glanced at the assembled diplomats. He wore a sad, childish smile.

When his lips opened, he displayed a few long, decayed, yellow teeth, and the hollows in his cheeks seemed to denote that some of his teeth were missing. His face was neither sympathetic nor unsympathetic, it was indifferent. Indifference was its prevailing expression. Master of cold remote, without capacity, apparently used up and seemingly half dead appeared to me this lord of four hundred millions of men. He did not seem to understand what was going on around him. I stood close to him and watched him for over a quarter of an hour, and a feeling of great pity came over me for this ruler of the fourth part of mankind, who looks out on the world through the wilderness of the prison in which he lives."

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Vice-President Capote, of the Cuban Republic Domingo Mendez Capote, the Vice President of the Cuban Republic, now on a visit to this country to consult with Plenipotentiary Palma and the American authorities about the new Government of Cuba, is one of the youngest and most ardent of the patriots, says the Kansas City Journal. General Capote is a type of the high class Cuban. For a time he had charge of the Government of the insurgents, and has been highly satisfactory to the people as Vice President under President Masso. He is a graduate of the University of Havana, and before he took up arms was one of the best lawyers in Cuba.

Although but little more than thirty years old, General Capote is quite learned in international law and constitutional history, especially of American history which will stand him in stead now that he is himself called upon to participate in the formation of a new Government. He is accompanied on this mission by Manuel Despaigne, his private secretary, Controller-General Nodare, and Alberto Herrera, the General's aide de camp. It is understood that he comes to America with the full and complete sanction of the Republican Government in Cuba.

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John Strange Winter in Her Home A visitor to the home of John Strange Winter, in the Villas Des Rosiers in the outskirts of Dieppe, France, tells interesting things about the author. John Strange Winter, who in private life is Mrs. Arthur Stannard, says the Rochester Express. The home of Mr. and Mrs. Arthur Stannard is full of rare bric-à-brac and quaint old-fashioned sets of willow ware and old English china. They are a very domestic couple, though Mrs. Stannard has written her fifteenth novel and Mrs. Stannard finds time to carefully train her children. Her eldest child is a daughter of fourteen; then there are twins, a girl and boy, and lastly a baby a year old. The twins are named after Mrs. Stannard's favorite characters in her own books, Bootle's Cavalry Life and Violet Mignon, Bootle's Baby.

Mr. and Mrs. Stannard and the older children are very fond of bicycling. The author declares the delight of cycling to be "like a new day, the opening of a new life, the dawning of a new era; it is almost a reincarnation." John Strange Winter and her husband expect to visit America in the fall. She has long been anxious to visit the country where Bootle's Baby made her first great success.

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Isabella II, the Dethroned Queen One of the most unique characters in the ultra exclusive social life of Paris is Isabella II, a former Queen of Spain and grandmother of the present King. From the day, in 1868, when she was dethroned she has made Paris her home and has there attempted to maintain a state of semi Royalty, with grand apartments, a quasi court and a large retinue of attendants. When reports of the destruction of the Spanish fleet at Manila reached the French capital she ordered her "court" into mourning and canceled many of the social functions at which she is still enamored. She is now sixty-eight years old. When but three years old she succeeded her father Ferdinand VII.

Her succession was in direct violation of the Salic law and at once brought on a Carlist revolution. She was declared of age when thirteen years old, and three years afterward was forced by political elements to marry her cousin, Don Francisco. Her reign began, continued and ended in revolutions. Two years after her deposition she abdicated in favor of her son, the late Alphonso XII.

"PUBLICK OCCURRENCES" THAT ARE MAKING HISTORY

The Making of a Navy

Emergency work on the United States Navy began immediately after the destruction of the battle-ship Maine, in February. At that time there were fifty-seven effective vessels of all kinds that had been completed within fourteen years, which represented the highest types of modern naval construction. Twenty-three other vessels were under plan, contract, or construction. Within the short space of four months, by construction, purchase and lease, the Navy grew to a total of 210 vessels, of which seventy-eight were battle-ships, cruisers and torpedo boats, and 114, including many ocean steamships converted into cruisers and transport ships, were assigned to the auxiliary Navy.

Within this time, also, the active list of the Navy was increased to 1775 officers by the appointment of 693 additional officers for war duty. At the end of this four months' period there were sixty-eight vessels under plan or construction, nearly evenly divided between torpedo boats and vessels of other types. During less than three months of the war, although operations were carried on mainly [illegible] not a fighting ship was captured, sunk, or seriously injured by the enemy.

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Anglo-American Arbitration

It is well known that both the Governments of the United States and Great Britain were greatly disappointed when the United States Senate, in May, 1897, rejected the treaty of arbitration negotiated at Washington. This treaty came nearest to the fulfillment of the advanced views of both Governments of any that had been drafted previously. After it should be signed its provisions were widely extolled as betokening the possibilities of universal peace.

The keynote of the treaty was its declaration that all questions in difference between the two Powers which might fail of settlement by diplomacy were to be arbitrated. This was the great lever for peace. Controversies concerning purely pecuniary claims not exceeding $500,000 were to be decided by an arbitral tribunal, and where claims exceeded $500,000, and the tribunal could not decide, a second one should be appointed. Controversies concerning territorial claims were to be submitted to a tribunal of six members—three Judges of United States Courts and three of British Courts—five votes to be necessary for an award. It is now believed, in view of passing events, that this treaty could secure ratification in the Senate without material change. That an attempt will be made to revive the treaty of arbitration before the year closes is reasonably certain.

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Success of the First Dynamite Cruiser

The cruiser Vesuvius, which had her first experience in actual warfare in one of the bombardments of Santiago de Cuba, is the only vessel ever built for the exclusive purpose of fighting with shells of dynamite. Her equipment is three great pneumatic tubes, each capable of throwing five-hundred-pound charges of dynamite. At Santiago the ease with which she was handled and her effectiveness won for her a long delayed recognition as a superior fighting machine.

The Vesuvius has lacked official friends from the time she was launched. After experiments extending over several years she was pronounced a failure in purpose three years ago, and was converted into a torpedo-boat chaser. Her projectors never lost confidence in her capabilities, and her performance at Santiago justified it. The Vesuvius is another original American contribution to the world's means for waging war.

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The Future of the Chinese Empire

Dr. E. D. Eaton, President of Beloit College, contributes to the New York Evening Post a very interesting analysis of the situation in China, in which he expresses a strong feeling of hopefulness with regard to the future of that great Empire. The Chinese people, he reminds us, have a National history in the presence of which the Anglo-Saxon race is in its infancy, they have a high development of scholarship, held in profound reverence and accessible to the most obscure and humble; a system of jurisprudence of peculiar sanity, which is regarded by those who are competent to judge as rivaling the best European courts; a population of immense vitality and fecundity, habits of treeless industry, and an immense territory, favorably situated and with every variety of climate and scenery. Little plains, mountains packed with coal and ores, great rivers, three thousand miles of seacoast.

They have, however, no sentiment of any kind for the reigning family, which is still an alien dynasty after two and a half centuries of rule. Patriotic administration is entirely lacking, and in its place is found a statesmanship antiquated to the last degree, a government by maxims instead of by perception of realities. Universal corruption holds among the office-holders, and every official expects as a matter of course to take advantage of his position to fill his pockets. The people have no patriotism; they do not know what race feeling is; millions of them have not heard of the war with Japan.

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Industrial Settlements in the Holy Land

United States Consul Germain has recently made an interesting report on the condition of the settlements founded by Russian and Roumanian Jews in Samaria and Rosch-Pinah, in Galilee. In all there are now twenty-two villages, with a combined area of 92,000 acres. The largest settlement is the village Surbrom Ja'akob, which, with an area of 4000 acres, has a population of 1100, paved streets, a school, a synagogue, and other advantages. Fruit, vegetables, and wine grapes are cultivated, and mulberry trees have been planted to introduce the silk worm industry.

The village Rischol l'Zion has 1,500,000 vines, 20,000 mulberry trees, and 10,000 trees in marketable fruit. Each colonist possesses a stone house, a horse and wagon, a cow, and an assortment of domestic fowl. Gadroh is a settlement of former Russian students who carry on a large brandy distillery. Mikweh Israel has an agricultural school, which serves as an experiment station and model farm. In all the settlements the prospects are now encouraging, though there were many drawbacks at first, as the colonists were nearly all merchants artisans, and students unacquainted with agriculture.

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Great Britain's Naval Manœuvres

The determination of the British Admiralty to abandon for this year the annual summer manœuvres of the Navy will greatly disappoint the naval authorities of other European Powers. For years the manœuvres have been regarded by naval experts as exhibitions of all that was new in naval construction and tactical direction. They were conducted on plans simulating actual operations of the most important character possible, and involved the highest conceptions of the strategy of attack and defense. No training school for young officers could be found the world over equal to these annual manœuvres. No reason is assigned for the action of the Admiralty, but it is probable that Great Britain does not wish a large concentration of her war-ships at home while events are suggestive of complications abroad.

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These Hero-Making Days

For more than thirty years the American naval service has offered no great opportunity for officers to distinguish themselves by special acts of heroism. The Army has been better off in this respect by reason of the numerous Indian campaigns. Now, however, old and young officers alike in both branches of the service are keenly alive to the chances for winning fame and promotion. Veteran officers, particularly in the Navy, find it difficult to restrain the ardor of their subordinates, and have had to prohibit many suggested undertakings because of the extreme personal recklessness involved.

Yet the record of particularly heroic actions is already a large and notable one. It contains the names of Andrew S. Rowan, of the Army, who carried the first American communications to General Garcia, passing 40,000 Spaniards on the way; Richmond P. Hobson, of the Navy, who sank the Merrimac at the mouth of Santiago Bay; Henry H. Whitney, of the Navy, who landed in Cuba and delivered messages to General Gomez; Victor Blue, of the Navy, who made a scouting tour of Cuba and Porto Rico, reported to Gomez, and ascertained the location of Cervera's squadron in the upper bay of Santiago; Frank H. Newcomb, of the revenue marine service, who towed the torpedo boat Winslow out of the range of the batteries at Cardenas; John C. Quinby, of the Navy, who fired the dynamite guns on the Vesuvius; C. P. Brady, chief gunner's mate of the torpedo boat Winslow, and Naval Cadet Joseph W. Powell, who headed a steam launch under the fire of the Santiago batteries for the purpose of rescuing the Hobson party.

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The Nicaragua Canal Project

It is expected that during its present session Congress will take decisive action on the long pending project of constructing a canal to connect the Atlantic and Pacific Oceans on the Nicaragua route. The long and extraordinary voyage of the battle-ship Oregon from San Francisco to Key West won to the support of the scheme many of its former strong opponents, and the grave responsibilities that passing events are placing on the United States will invest new canal legislation with extraordinary interest.

The Maritime Canal Company, which holds invaluable concessions by the Nicaraguan Government and has been unable to continue its work of canal construction since the business depression of 1893, has offered all its interests to the United States Government at cost. Numerous surveys and several plans have been made, and the estimated cost of securing a thoroughly practicable water route between the two oceans for the largest war vessels and mercantile steamships ranges from $90,000,000 to $125,000,000.

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The City of Santiago de Cuba

Although this city has one of the finest harbors in the West Indies and is the centre of a great copper region, it ranks third only in commercial importance among the ports of Cuba. It has a picturesque locality, with mountains on three sides, but is exceedingly hot and subject to epidemics of yellow fever.

Before the city is an immense bay, into the upper harbor of which Admiral Cervera was induced to take his squadron by a ruse of Commodore Schley, who immediately blockaded the only means of exit. The entrance is between high fortified bluffs.

It is the difficulty of ready communication through this channel that has retarded the development of the city. The city was supposed to have the strongest defenses on the entire southern coast of Cuba, but the American fleet, in several bombardments, soon rendered the various works ineffective. The city exports copper ore, sugar, coffee, rum and fruit, and has a population of about 40,000, with 30,000 more in the suburbs.

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Building War-Ships for Europe

Events of the last few months have demonstrated the ability of Americans to plan, build and equip war-vessels of superior power. Among the nations engaged in the apparently ceaseless preparation for war, Japan early recognized this ability, and placed orders for the construction of modern battle-ships at Philadelphia and San Francisco. Russia, with all her vast resources, last year bought of us a quantity of steel plates for some of her new battle-ships, and quite recently placed orders in this country for the construction of two battle-ships and ten torpedo boats.

The phenomenal voyage of the battle-ship Oregon attracted much wonder abroad. Her builder received big inducements to go to St. Petersburg to consult the Government concerning the building of several vessels after her plan. Other naval Powers are anxious to place orders with American builders as soon as the rush work for our own Navy has been fully completed.

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Forestry and Forest Fires

The annual report of the Chief Fire Warden of Minnesota, recently published, states that the value of the pine wood, just as it stands, that is cut in a single winter in Minnesota, is about $5,000,000, and that it represents at least $10,000,000 at the mills when sawed into lumber. The report adds that eighty per cent. of the increase in value represents labor. Apropos of this statement says the Philadelphia Record, it may be noted that the day of ruthless destruction of growing timber is passing away, for the different States are now beginning to enforce laws for the preservation of the forests, and the lumbermen are realizing that the continuance of their business necessitates a change in the present methods of cutting trees.

The lumber interests were at first opposed to all forestry laws, and they bitterly resented the early efforts of forestry associations to preserve the trees as unwarranted interferences with their business. This feeling is passing away, and at the same time the views of members of the forestry associations are broadening. Careful study of the science of economic forestry as developed in Europe, more especially in the Kingdom of Saxony, has taught many valuable lessons.

It is not now the purpose of the forestry associations to prevent or hinder the cutting of trees for lumber; on the contrary, they aim to perpetuate the business for many years to come. They show that by judicious cutting the production of valuable timber may be actually annually increased instead of being diminished or unfavorably affected.

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Peril of the Liberian Republic

Whatever concerns the Republic of Liberia is sure to arouse the interest of citizens of the United States. Since 1820, when the American Colonization Society established on the west coast of Africa a colony of free negroes, the development of the project has been watched and nurtured with deep ardor. For many years the Society, backed principally by New England philanthropists, supported the efforts of the settlers to make for themselves a country and a government.

After the close of the Civil War, it was thought that many thousands of emancipated slaves would prefer living there, but a few attempts at emigration dispelled the idea of a Republic of ex-slaves.

The territory occupied by the Republic was all acquired by purchase. It is now nearly twice the size of Massachusetts. The Republic has a population of about 1,068,000, all of the African race, of whom 18,000 are Americo-Liberians. With a coast line of 500 miles, the Republic has excited the cupidity of several European countries which have shared in the partition of Africa, and though its independence has been recognized for something more than forty years, it is now menaced by foreign sequestration.

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The New Parliament of Japan

The new Diet or Parliament in Japan was recently organized by the election of Kenkichi Kataoka, a prominent member of the Liberal party, as President of the Lower House. This election, says the Outlook, is, on the whole, favorable to the present Ministry, although the Liberals disavow any alliance with the Government, and, indeed, have assumed a critical attitude toward it. They are, however, less unfavorable than the Progressives, as the Radicals call themselves, and will probably support the Ministry on all test questions.

Mr. Kataoka is an elder in the Presbyterian church of Kochi, the capital of the Province of Tosa. He has been in public life ever since the inauguration of parliamentary government, and is universally respected. It is related that eight years ago, when a candidate, certain of his political friends, who feared that his prominence in Christian circles might impair his chances of election, suggested that he suspend his connection with the church, or at least cease to attend its meetings. He replied, so the story goes, that, if he must choose, he would rather go to the *kyokwai* (church) than to the *kok'kai* (Diet). His steadfastness of Christian principle has in no wise lessened his availability as a candidate for the various honorable posts in the Diet to which he has been elected at the successive sessions. It will be remembered that the President of the Lower House of the first Diet was also a Christian.

It certainly speaks well for the character of the Christian community in Japan that, in spite of its relatively small numbers, it should furnish two Presidents in eight years. In connection with the opening of the Diet two gentlemen well known in the United States have been given seats in the Cabinet, namely, Kentara Kaneko, who becomes Minister of Agriculture and Commerce, and Doctor Toyama, lately President of the Imperial University at Tokyo, who takes the portfolio of Education. Both were educated in America, Mr. Kaneko at Harvard and Doctor Toyama at Michigan University. Neither has held a Cabinet position before, but their previous experience has amply qualified them for their new responsibilities. They will add strength as well as breadth of view to the counsels of the new Ministry.

THE BEST POEMS IN THE WORLD

The eighth part of a series of famous poems selected by THE SATURDAY EVENING POST and published weekly, with illustrations from original drawings. A biographical sketch of the author of each poem, with a portrait, wherever possible, will be given. The story of how the poem was written and what inspired it will also be told, and, where obtainable, illustrations will also be given of the house or the room in which the poem was written, and the reader will be made to feel that the POST has made him better acquainted with the authors as living persons. In cases where there is disputed authorship the POST will fix the credit where it is due. This series of the world's best poems began in Number 48. When this series has been completed the readers of the POST will possess a valuable and artistically illustrated collection of the world's best poems. Some of the selections that have already appeared, with notes, are as follows:

Absolution	by E. Nesbit
The Children	by C. M. Dickinson
The Raven	by Edgar Allan Poe
Ballad of Babie Bell	by Thos. B. Aldrich
Thanatopsis	by William C. Bryant
Jolly Old Pedagogue	by George Arnold
Philip, My King	by Dinah M. Craik
Lasca	by Frank Desprez

FORTHCOMING NUMBERS WILL CONTAIN "THE DEATH OF THE OLD SQUIRE," WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT; "THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE," ILLUSTRATED BY GEORGE GIBBS; "THE UNCLE," ILLUSTRATED BY FRED. LOEWENHEIM; "AUX ITALIENS," WITH A DRAWING BY HENRY HUTT, AND "WHAT MY LOVER SAID," WITH PAINTINGS BY LEYENDECKER.

XVII

THE DREAM OF EUGENE ARAM

BY THOMAS HOOD

With a Drawing by Leyendecker

'TWAS in the prime of summer time,
An evening calm and cool,
And four-and-twenty happy boys
Came bounding out of school;
There were some that ran, and some that leapt
Like troutlets in a pool.

Away they sped with gamesome minds
And souls untouched by sin;
To a level mead they came, and there
They drave the wickets in;
Pleasantly shone the setting sun
Over the town of Lynn.

Like sportive deer they coursed about,
And shouted as they ran,
Turning to mirth all things on earth
As only boyhood can;
But the usher sat remote from all,
A melancholy man!

His hat was off, his vest apart,
To catch heaven's blessèd breeze;
For a burning thought was in his brow,
And his bosom ill at ease;
So he leaned his head on his hands and read
The book between his knees.

Leaf after leaf he turned it o'er
Nor ever glanced aside,
For the peace of his soul he read that book
In the golden eventide;
Much study had made him very lean,
And pale and leaden-eyed.

At last he shut the ponderous tome;
With a fast and fervent grasp
He strained the dusky covers close,
And fixed the brazen hasp:
"O God! could I so close my mind,
And clasp it with a clasp!"

Then, leaping on his feet upright,
Some moody turns he took—
Now up the mead, then down the mead,
And past a shady nook—
And lo! he saw a little boy
That pored upon a book.

"My gentle lad, what is't you read,
Romance or fairy fable?
Or is it some historic page,
Of kings and crowns unstable?"
The young boy gave an upward glance—
"It is The Death of Abel."

The usher took six hasty strides,
As smit with sudden pain—
Six hasty strides beyond the place,
Then slowly back again;
And down he sat beside the lad,
And talked with him of Cain;

And, long since then, of bloody men,
Whose deeds tradition saves;
And lonely folk cut off unseen,
And hid in sudden graves;
And horrid stabs, in groves forlorn;
And murders done in caves;

And how the sprites of injured men
Shriek upward from the sod;
Ay, how the ghastly hand will point
To show the burial clod;
And unknown facts of guilty acts
Are seen in dreams from God.

He told how murderers walk the earth
Beneath the curse of Cain,
With crimson clouds before their eyes,
And flames about their brain;
For blood has left upon their souls
Its everlasting stain!

"And well," quoth he, "I know, for truth,
Their pangs must be extreme—
Woe, woe, unutterable woe!
Who spills life's sacred stream.
For why? Methought, last night I wrought
A murder, in a dream!

"One that had never done me wrong,
A feeble man and old;
I led him to a lonely field—
The moon shone clear and cold;
Now here, said I, this man shall die,
And I will have his gold!

"Two sudden blows with a ragged stick,
And one with a heavy stone,
One hurried gash with a hasty knife,
And then the deed was done;
There was nothing lying at my feet
But lifeless flesh and bone!

"Nothing but lifeless flesh and bone,
That could not do me ill;
And yet I feared him all the more
For lying there so still;
There was a manhood in his look
That murder could not kill!

"And lo! the universal air
Seemed lit with ghastly flame,
Ten thousand thousand dreadful eyes
Were looking down in blame;
I took the dead man by his hand,
And called upon his name.

"O God! It made me quake to see
Such sense within the slain,
But, when I touched the lifeless clay,
The blood gushed out amain!
For every clot a burning spot
Was scorching in my brain!

"My head was like an ardent coal,
My heart as solid ice;
My wretched, wretched soul, I knew
Was at the Devil's price.
A dozen times I groaned—the dead
Had never groaned but twice.

"And now, from forth the frowning sky,
From the heavens' topmost height,
I heard a voice—the awful voice
Of the blood-avenging sprite:
'Thou guilty man! take up thy dead,
And hide it from my sight!'

"And I took the dreary body up,
And cast it in a stream—
The sluggish water black as ink,
The depth was so extreme.
My gentle boy, remember, this
Is nothing but a dream!

"Down went the corse with a hollow plunge,
And vanished in the pool;
Anon I cleansed my bloody hands,
And washed my forehead cool,
And sat among the urchins young,
That evening, in the school.

"Oh, Heaven! to think of their white souls,
And mine so black and grim!
I could not share in childish prayer
Nor join in evening hymn;
Like a devil of the pit I seemed,
'Mid holy cherubim!

"And peace went with them, one and all,
And each calm pillow spread,
But Guilt was my grim chamberlain,
That lighted me to bed,
And drew my midnight curtain round
With fingers bloody red!

"All night I lay in agony,
In anguish dark and deep;
My fevered eyes I dared not close,
But stared aghast at Sleep;
For Sin had rendered unto her
The keys of hell to keep.

"All night I lay in agony,
From weary chime to chime;
With one besetting horrid hint
That racked me all the time—
A mighty yearning, like the first
Fierce impulse into crime—

"One stern tyrannic thought, that made
All other thoughts its slave!
Stronger and stronger every pulse
Did that temptation crave—
Still urging me to go and see
The dead man in his grave!

"Heavily I rose up, as soon
As light was in the sky,
And sought the black, accursèd pool
With a wild, misgiving eye;
And I saw the dead in the river bed,
For the faithless stream was dry.

"Merrily rose the lark, and shook
The dewdrop from its wing;
But I never marked its morning flight,
I never heard it sing,
For I was stooping once again
Under the horrid thing.

"With breathless speed, like a soul in chase,
I took him up and ran;
There was no time to dig a grave
Before the day began—
In a lonesome wood, with heaps of leaves,
I hid the murdered man!

"And all that day I read in school,
But my thought was otherwhere;
As soon as the midday task was done,
In secret I was there—
And a mighty wind had swept the leaves,
And still the corse was bare!

"Then down I cast me on my face,
And first began to weep,
For I knew my secret then was one
That earth refused to keep—
Or land or sea, though he should be
Ten thousand fathoms deep.

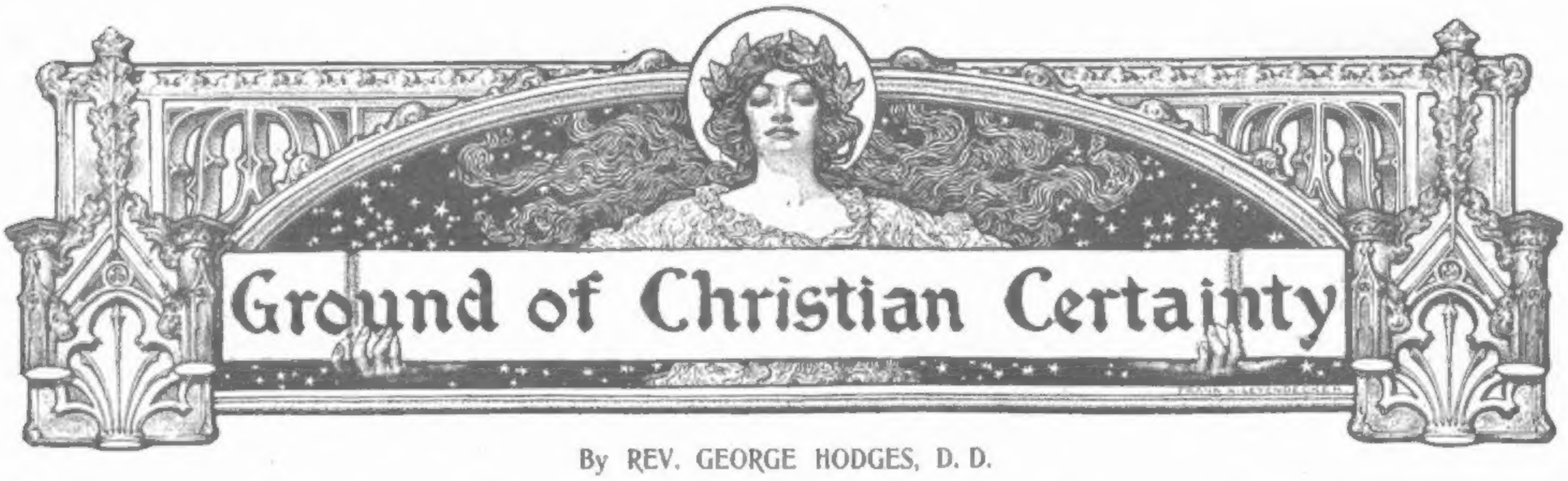
"So wills the fierce avenging sprite,
'Till blood for blood atones!
Ay, though he's buried in a cave,
And trodden down with stones,
And years have rotted off his flesh—
The world shall see his bones!

"Oh, God! that horrid, horrid dream
Besets me now awake!
Again—again, with dizzy brain,
The human life I take;
And my red right hand grows raging hot,
Like Cranmer's at the stake.

"And still no peace for the restless clay
Will wave or mould allow;
The horrid thing pursues my soul—
It stands before me now!"
The fearful boy looked up and saw
Huge drops upon his brow.

That very night, while gentle sleep
The urchin's eyelids kissed,
Two stern-faced men set out from Lynn
Through the cold and heavy mist;
And Eugene Aram walked between,
With gyves upon his wrist.

"THE FEARFUL BOY LOOKED UP AND SAW HUGE DROPS UPON HIS BROW"



Ground of Christian Certainty

By REV. GEORGE HODGES, D. D.

The Post's Series of Practical Sermons—Number Six

EVEN the apostles were perplexed by the Christian religion. There were questions they could not answer. There were problems they could not solve. Every day Jesus Christ said something which they could not understand.

Sometimes He gave them explanations, but quite as often He kept silence, waiting till they should be able to understand the answer. For a problem in quadratic equations cannot be made clear to a little child. The solution may be never so accurate, the child cannot understand it. There must be preliminary growth in wisdom, with instruction and discipline in the art of thinking. The child's mind must be stronger before it can grapple with the difficulties of numbers.

So it is in religion. Jesus often gave no explanation, because, as He said, the disciples were not ready to receive it. He had many things to say, He told them, which they could not bear. They must first grow; they must be strong with the strength which comes by spiritual combat; they must be better Christians before the deeper words could be intelligently heard and appreciated.

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The great thing that we want in religion is certainty. We must be sure. The recitation of the Creed is very well, as far as it goes. The acceptance of the doctrines of orthodox theology is excellent, so far as it goes. But when trial comes, or sore temptation, or pain, or grief, then we find out how much or how little all that conventional belief implies. When the sky is black above our head, and the way is blank before our feet, and seems only to lead over the sheer cliff into the pit, then we cry out, "Oh, that I knew where I might find Him!"—find the divine Guide, into whose hand we may put our hand, that He may lead us into light.

But the difficulty is that when we study the deep questions of religion we find that we get speedily into a region of inadequate answers, and after that, if we still go on, into a place of contradiction.

Take, for example, so plain and apparently so easy a doctrine—until we come to consider it—as that of the existence of God. Have we seen God, or touched, or heard Him? Have we any sense which brings us witness of Him? Can we prove that there is a God? And if there is, what is He like? What is God? Evidently He must be infinite, for we cannot think of God as being less than infinite; and He must be a person, for personality is the highest form of being of which we have any conception. God is an infinite person. We must admit that.

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But the youngest member of the graduating class at the high school will be able to tell us that infinity and personality do not go together; one contradicts the other. We fall into confusion. Some people never recover from this initial perplexity. Some young men and women in college, beginning to question and to think, and coming upon this or other like perplexities, for a time lose faith.

This, however, is but an illustration of the danger of a little knowledge; for when we keep on thinking we presently perceive that a similar region of contradiction and mystery lies at the end of a series of questions about anything—about any common stone in the pavement of the street, or any blade of grass which grows beside the road. Religion has no monopoly of mystery.

Take a common stone and question it. What is it made of? It is made of granite. And what is granite made of? Granite is made of this and that and the other, till we get back to matter. And what is matter made of? Matter is made of atoms. And what is an atom? At once there comes a group of philosophers to tell us that an atom is a whirling ring of force. What does that mean? A whirling ring of force—what is it? The definition serves but to complicate the difficulty. In the midst of our confusion another company of wise men advances to inform us that an atom is an indivisible particle. And we begin to consider what an indivisible particle may be, and we find that the thing eludes us. We cannot even imagine an indivisible particle; we cannot think of anything so small that it cannot be divided into halves. And while we are wandering in this new uncertainty, a third company of philosophers assures us that the truth is that matter does not exist at all.

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Thus a common stone picked up in the street has at the heart of it a mystery as profound and as insoluble as lurks in any sentence of the Creed.

Or take a blade of grass and ask it questions. Presently you arrive at another mystery, equally inscrutable—the mystery of life. There it is, this strange presence we call life; it is in the blade of grass, and is the most important thing about it. Yet no one has ever seen it; no test of the chemist has ever touched it. It lies in the growing leaf, invisible and intangible as the soul is in the body, or as God is in the world; and the wisest man who ever lived has never even so much as begun to understand it.

It is thus a mistake to think that religion is different from the rest of life because it has to do with the mysterious. All the foundations of thought and of existence are built upon the unseen.

It would almost seem as if this beginning of our search for certainty had led us in quite the opposite direction. All truth, we might infer, must be suspected; Nature does but mock us. A simple illustration, however, may serve to reassure us. We hold a page of print at a distance from the eye, and the page is blurred—the lines run together. But really there is no blur on the page; the blur is but the natural result of the removal of the page beyond the focus of our sight. That is the cause, in like manner, of the confusion and contradiction into which we come in the study of hard problems: we have exceeded the focus of our intellectual sight.

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Nevertheless, the truths of physics seem to most people to be more real than the truths of theology. What we want is to be as sure of things spiritual and eternal as we are of the experiences of every day in the world of bread and meat, and sun and rain.

This assurance we may reach along either one of two well-traveled roads—along the way of argument or along the way of authority—it matters not which.

Argument is a process of reasoning from the known to the unknown. The Rosetta Stone furnishes a good symbol. An inscription was written on it in three languages—in hieroglyphic, in demotic, and in Greek. Up to that moment no modern man had ever read a word of hieroglyphic writing. There were stupendous and mysterious monuments set deep in the sands of Egypt and covered from top to bottom with sentences which no man knew. Now, at last, in the Rosetta Stone, this blind language was set side by side with the familiar speech of men, with demotic and with Greek, which the whole neighborhood could understand; and by simple inference from that which was already known, the unknown opened its dumb lips and began to speak. That is the course which reason takes when it sets out on journeys of discovery along the way of argument.

Take again, for example, the doctrine of the existence of God. We begin with what our hands can handle and our eyes can see, with the world in which we live. We note its marvelous adjustments; its incomparable, and even inconceivable, perfections of detail; its boundless wealth of beauty; its constant and accurate discipline of universal law. We dig down into it and read the records of its building; and we say irresistibly, after getting even a glimpse of this wonderful structure, of this great house in which we live, that the world did not merely happen so, did not come by chance into its stupendous being; a lot of vagrant atoms, drifting in the cosmic wind, did not make this world.

And then from the world without we turn to the world within—to our own selves. An English philosopher wrote a book in which he made the facts of the physical world his argument, and proved to his own sure satisfaction that there is no God at all. He was quite positive about it. But before he died he wrote another book, in which he took that back. "I forgot," he said, "one fact which should have been included in the major premise; I forgot man! Taking man into account, considering him in his personality and as a moral and intellectual being, I must change the conclusion of my reasoning. I am sure that behind the universe of which man is the highest part is an intellectual and moral and personal Maker. I believe in God."

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The result of argument, it is true, is only probability. Sometimes the probability is so strong as to amount to certainty; sometimes it is so weak that the addition or subtraction of a fact or two on one side or the other would change the inference. Nevertheless, be it strong or weak, probability is one of the elemental influences in human life. We live every day in obedience to it. Every plan we have is based—to take but a single instance—upon the probability that the sun will rise to-morrow morning. That is nothing more than probability; it is not capable of proof. The sun, we know, has risen very early in the morning for a great many years, and is altogether likely to continue to do so for a great many years to come; but beyond that we can affirm nothing.

Ought not a man to be as sensible in his religion as he is in his business? Ought he not to weigh the probabilities as carefully on Sunday as he does on Monday? The path of argument may be beset with mists and pitfalls, and he may not be able to see the end; yet he can see where the path probably leads. Is it not the part of wisdom to consider the tremendous probabilities of religion? That there is a God; that there is a hope and a way of being saved out of our sins; that there is a life to come—he that is wise, will he not ponder these things?

The great difficulty, however, which is encountered in the endeavor to reach religious truth by the way of independent reasoning is found in the demands which this process makes upon the reasoner. To be able to argue accurately the individual must have four serious and unusual possessions—knowledge and ability, time and character.

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It is manifestly idle to undertake an argument without the facts. It is, indeed, a venture which is daily made, and which is accordingly one of the most fertile causes of political, and social, and theological controversy. Even a slight increase of patience and frankness in the ascertainment of the real truth would disarm a great many antagonists who are at present riding full tilt against windmills.

It is plain, nevertheless, to all reflective persons, that conclusions which are based upon mistaken premises are but houses built on shifting sands, and that the only material out of which to construct a durable foundation is solid facts. And the arguer must have all the facts. Many a time a new fact, before undiscovered or unconsidered, has come in to destroy the most carefully planned edifices of argument. But these great problems in religion which we would solve involve innumerable facts, reach out into the region of the immensities and the eternities, and no man lives who can say truly that he possesses all of the facts.

Let us suppose, however, that we have the necessary knowledge. The next requirement is ability—that is, ability to reason, to draw from the facts their actual inferences, to know precisely what they mean. For the assembling of facts together is of small consequence unless the facts are made to speak, and to speak the truth.

Evidently not, unless, in addition to this possession of knowledge and of ability, we have also the third requirement—time. The deep, delicate and extraordinarily difficult problems which are presented to us in religion demand continuous thinking. Everybody of intellectual experience knows that a hard problem, whether in mathematics, in engineering, in finance, or in theology, needs time, and a great deal of it.

Many people have an idea that theological problems are somehow easier than other problems, and have no need of the services of specialists. This, however, is a great mistake. These matters must be determined by trained students. They cannot be settled while a man is sawing wood or counting money, or while he is engaged in any other distracting occupation. They need the whole mind and time. But we have no time. We are busy people. "Leisure" is a word which for the majority of us is obsolete.

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There still remains the necessity of character; for in all the higher ranges of thought there is required in argument something more than knowledge—something more than intellectual alertness.

For example, see how it is in art. Nobody can judge with accuracy of the value of a picture unless he has what we may call the artistic sense. Something in his soul must go out toward that picture. Nothing else can qualify him. He must bring a similar gift, also, to his judgment of a piece of music. It would be folly to claim that his judgment of a sonata was of value merely because he understood the mechanism of an organ. He must be in sympathy with the music; he must have the musical sense.

This is equally true in literature. Mr. Darwin, after a long life diligently spent in the study of physical nature, found that he no longer cared for Shakespeare. When he tried to read Hamlet he went to sleep. No sane person would account that verdict to be a serious criticism upon the play of Hamlet. Yet it is hard to get even reasonable people to see that this, which is true in art, in music and in literature, is ever of the same meaning in religion.

But in religion, some imagine, everybody's opinion counts; Professor Huxley is as good a judge as the Apostle John. It is absurd. Whoever would pronounce upon the problems of religion must be religious. Jesus Christ said that again and again. "The pure in heart shall see God," because they only have the clearness of vision which is essential to that sight. He who does the will of God shall know the truth of God. It is not an arbitrary dogma, but the statement of an elemental fact. In proportion, as we live the life of the spirit, and grow in grace, we will increase the knowledge of God.

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There is no intention in all this, however, to discourage or disparage reason. Reason is one of God's divinest gifts to man, and it is to be used in religion as in every other part of life. There is nothing in religion which is too sacred to be considered, questioned and examined. Everything is open, because it is true. They who believe it welcome all testing and investigation. Because it is eternal, new knowledge of the truth must result from new studies in it. The path of argument, the narrow way of independent and original research, is the Royal road in theology, as it is everywhere else, and blessed are they who can go therein; but it is a Royal road because it is meant for Kings, and Kings are few in number. Can we take that path? If we can, let us by all means do so; but if we cannot, if we lack any one of the four indispensable requirements, we may well be honest with ourselves; let us confess it.

There are two ways of getting over the Atlantic Ocean. We may build a ship ourselves, making the design of it, inventing the machinery, and putting it all together, and then with our own hand steering it across; or we may go, like other plain people, to a booking-office, and pay our fare, and get aboard a ship which others have constructed for us, and thus arrive at the haven where we would be. It is plain that the common-place course is the only one which is open to most of us. That same course must be taken also in the voyage across the seas of speculation

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EDITOR'S NOTE—The sermons in the POST series represent practical, unsectarian thought on vital topics by the best religious thinkers of the world. This sermon, Ground of Christian Certainty, is taken from In This Present World, by George Hodges, Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, Cambridge, Massachusetts. Published by Thomas Whittaker, New York. The first six are:

I—The Simplest Kind of Religion,	by Henry Drummond,	May 28
II—Does Death Really End All?	by Minot J. Savage, D. D.,	June 11
III—Having an Aim in Life,	by Philip S. Moxom, D. D.,	June 18
IV—The Discontent of Modern Life,	by Walton W. Battershall, D. D.,	June 25
V—The Meaning of Manhood,	by Henry Van Dyke, D. D.,	July 9
VI—Ground of Christian Certainty,	by Rev. George Hodges, D. D.,	July 16

to the solid ground of religious certainty. Few of us can reach truth by the way of argument; we must take the other path—the way of authority, and let argument alone.

It is true that "authority" is not a pleasant nor persuasive word, but that is due not so much to the word itself as to the adjective which is commonly implied in qualification of it—the adjective "official." Official authority is exhibited when one rises, with great impressiveness of manner, to say, "Because I have such and such a title before or after my name, therefore you must believe what I tell you, and precisely as I tell you, and for no other reason than that you have my word for it, asking no questions." There is a fine and generally commendable quality in human nature which prompts us to say no to that demand.

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Take, now, this offensive quality out of the thing, and consider, not official, but personal, authority. Here is a group of people who have long been occupied in the discussion of some hard matter, getting no good answer. They have studied it on this side and on that, and have seen no light. The tangle seems to get harder with every step. At last into the midst of this company comes one who is wiser than any of them, whom they know and thoroughly respect, who has taken that hard matter and thought it through from beginning to end—who understands it and is an "authority" upon it. Will they not receive it and be sure of it when he tells them what the real answer is?

What we want, then, is to find in religion some authority which may become to us a source of assurance, like the authority in the confidence of which we live our daily lives. Where shall we find such an authority? Some say, in the Bible; others, in the church. But these authorities are still questioned. Back we go, behind the Bible and the church, to the Lord Jesus Christ. There we find the supreme spiritual Master, who shall teach us in religion as the scientific masters teach us in science; yes, and with far higher authority, far greater wisdom.

Think of it. Consider Him at the least and lowest. Here is One who lived almost nineteen hundred years ago, in an obscure Syrian province, since whose time the world has gone on passing through revolution after revolution, dismissing its old teachers and inviting new ones over and over again, discarding discredited philosophies, abandoning disproved conclusions, discharging its old guides, dethroning its former Kings; and yet no word of this Master has ever been found to be mistaken; but, on the contrary, the men who to-day are thinking the deepest and the longest thoughts, and looking ahead with clearest vision into the coming century, declare that the only solution of our immediate and impending problems lies in the acceptance and the use of His teachings.

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There is no scientific or philosophical authority to compare with this. Above all other teachers of the race stands this supreme spiritual Master. May we not take His word? Is it not a reasonable act, worthy of a reasonable man? We are perplexed and distressed over some hard problem in religion, and we get no answer to our questions; we are ready to give up our faith. But the trouble is that we are attempting to attain truth along a path which we are not strong enough to climb; the other is the way for us—the way of authority, the way of the words of Jesus Christ. May we not take it and be satisfied? May we not put aside all our tangled and inconclusive disputations and say, "I do not understand, but He said thus and thus about it, and I am content with that; I accept it and am sure of it on His blessed and satisfying authority"?

And this is true when we consider Jesus only at the least and lowest. Think of Him then, at the most and best—God manifest in man, God with us, the Eternal speaking to us, that He may dispel our doubts and tell us what we want to know. Put it away; put the weary sum away and take this answer.

Thus at last we come to Him with the Apostles, taking His hand, and saying their words after them: "Lord, to whom shall we go? Thou hast the words of eternal life." In Him we find the ground of Christian certainty and belief in Heaven.

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Rev. George Hodges, D. D., who is Dean of the Episcopal Theological School, at Cambridge, was born in Rome, New York, on October 6, 1856. In 1877 he graduated from Hamilton College, and for the next four years he was a member of the Berkeley Divinity School, where he prepared for the ministry. After he had finished his studies, he was called to the Calvary Church, in Pittsburg, as assistant. He continued there in that capacity until 1889, when he became Rector of the parish.

It was not until 1894 that Doctor Hodges assumed his present position as Dean of the Episcopal Theological School; and since then he has been appointed college preacher at Harvard and Dartmouth, and Chaplain at Radcliffe College. The degree of Doctor of Divinity was conferred on him in 1892 by the Western University of Pennsylvania. His published works include Christianity Between Sundays, The Heresy of Cain, In This Present World, a book of sermons, and Faith and Social Service, a course of Lowell Lectures.

UNDER THE EVENING LAMP

HALF HOURS WITH SONG AND STORY

How Nations Converse

ALL correspondence and negotiations between nations are carried on by accredited representatives. It is only in exceedingly rare and important instances that Sovereigns and chief executives communicate directly with each other. The political and commercial interests of the United States abroad are in charge of the diplomatic and consular service, the principal bureau in the Department of State.

The highest officers in this service are the Ambassadors Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to Great Britain, France, Germany, Russia and Italy, the first four of whom receive annual salaries of $17,500, and the last $12,000. Then come the Envoys Extraordinary and Ministers Plenipotentiary to twenty-six countries, who receive salaries of from $5000 to $17,500 each. Five Ministers Resident and Consuls-General are paid from $4000 to $7500 each. All Ambassadors and Ministers receive their instructions, messages and other communications from the Secretary of State, and pass them to the Foreign Secretary of the nation to which they are accredited.

It is the special privilege of an Ambassador to seek and obtain a personal interview with the Sovereign or chief executive. Consuls-General in twenty-five of the principal cities of the world receive salaries of from $1500 to $6000 each. Their duties are chiefly in connection with our commercial relations, though they are frequently called on to discharge minor diplomatic functions and to assist impecunious Americans to get home. Ordinary Consuls are stationed wherever the United States has trade interests, and their income ranges from fluctuating fees to a salary of $5000 per annum.

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What it Means to "See Stars"

IF A MAN falls so as to strike his head violently on the ice or on the pavement, or if he gets a blow over the eye, he is said to "see stars," says the Chicago Chronicle. The cause of this curious phenomenon is found in a peculiarity of the optic nerve. The function of that nerve is to convey to the brain the impression of light. It recognizes nothing in the world but light. It is susceptible to no other impression, or, if acted upon by any other agent, it communicates to the brain the intelligence of the presence of that agent by sending along its fibre flashes of light only. Irritate this nerve with a probe or other instrument, and it conveys no sensation of pain, but simply that of luminous sparks. The pain of the blow on the eye, or the fall on the head, is realized through the nerves of general sensation; but, insusceptible to pain or other feeling, the optic nerve sends to the brain its report of the shock by flashes, sparks and "stars."

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Calling a Spaniard by His Right Name

IN THIS country the Italian is the typical "dago" because he is the only familiar representative of the dark-skinned nations of Latin Europe, says the Cleveland Leader. It is the Spaniard, however, whose language furnished this name for the men of the Mediterranean countries who come to the United States. One of the most familiar names borne by Spaniards is "Diego." It serves nearly as well as John in this country as a typical name for a boy or man. English sailors long ago came to know Spaniards as "dagoes," because "dago" was about as near as they could handily come to "Diego," which sounds like "De-ah-go" in Spanish. It was not for jolly seamen to discriminate too closely between Spaniards and Portuguese, or even between the Spanish and the Italians. So they were all "dagoes," for seafaring purposes, and from the coast the nickname followed the immigrants from Mediterranean countries to whatever part of the United States they made their way. The Spaniard is not often thought of when men hear the name "dago," but it fits him more accurately than it does any one else.

A Memory

A WAIL of a child at midnight,
The chime of a minster bell,
The sorrowful moan of a sorrowing soul,
And the sound of a passing knell.

An old worn book, on a corner shelf,
And a spray of faded yew,
A locket with hair all golden and fair,
And a ribbon of faded blue.

A needle-case, both empty and old,
And a case with hidden spring,
Wherein two golden watch-keys lie,
A heart—and a wedding ring.

I take the book from the corner shelf,
And the ribbon of faded blue,
And before me stands the form I loved,
With hair of a golden hue.

And I gaze so long in those earnest eyes,
That my soul grows weak with pain,
Then she fades away—and I gently lay
The old book down again.

—Every Other Saturday.

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The Humor of Negotiating a Loan

A YOUNG Irishman, in want of a five-dollar note, wrote to his uncle as follows:

"*Dear Uncle:* If you could see how I blush for shame while I am writing, you would pity me. Do you know why? Because I have to ask you for a few dollars, and do not know how to express myself. It is impossible for me to tell you. I prefer to die. I send you this by messenger, who will wait for an answer. Believe me, my dearest uncle, your most obedient and affectionate nephew, JACK.

"P. S.—Overcome with shame for what I have written, I have been running after the messenger in order to take the letter from him, but I cannot catch him up. Heaven grant that something may happen to stop him, or that my letter may get lost."

The uncle was naturally touched, but was equal to the emergency. He replied as follows:

"*My Dear Jack:* Console yourself, and blush no longer. Providence has heard your prayers. The messenger lost your letter.

"Your affectionate uncle, ——."

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The Original Salvation Army

IN POINT of fact, says the Brooklyn Citizen, the Salvation Army idea, or movement, dates back one hundred and eleven years, and owes its origin to a negro. The scene of its birth was in the old John Street Methodist Church, New York, in September, 1786. The movement was outlined in "A campaign for God against the devil" almost one hundred years prior to the coming here of General Booth. This movement was complete in aggressive scriptural texts, the singing of religious compositions to secular music, the uniform and other characteristic attributes of the present-day War Cry carriers. Those who are inclined to doubt these statements may look up the New York Gazetteer, and under date of September 11, 1786, they will find the following notice:

"Lately come to this city, a very singular black young man, who, it is said, is quite ignorant of letters, yet he has preached in the Methodist Church several times, to the acceptance of several well-disposed, judicious people. He delivers his discourses with great zeal and pathos, and his language and connection are by no means contemptible. It is the wish of several of our correspondents that the same black man may be so far successful as to rouse the dormant zeal of numbers of our slothful white people, who seem little affected about the concerns of another world."

The black man referred to above (his name is not recorded) gave what may be termed a religious entertainment outside the regular services held at the old John Street Church. He introduced the singing of religious words to the popular airs of the day, thereby securing the attention of the auditors by inviting them to follow him in praising God through the mediums most familiar. He dressed in a uniform of red, white and black—the black symbolizing sin, the white purity, and the red being emblematic of the blood of atonement.

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The Expense of London's Lord Mayor

A MAN must have a fat pocketbook to fill the office of Lord Mayor of London. The expenditures for subscriptions and entertainment are largely in excess of the salary and the official allowances. It costs the Lord Mayor in the neighborhood of $100,000 to occupy the office.

The preceding occupant, Sir George Faudel-Philips, has probably spent $125,000 in excess of his salary and allowances. He has taken charge of the Indian famine relief fund and many of the jubilee funds, and has been the patron of all the charities during an "annus mirabilis" of subscription lists and systematic codging. He has subscribed liberally to every fund. His gracious hospitality has been enjoyed by thousands of jubilee guests at the Mansion House.

The last year has been an exceptional one, but the office is always a costly one. Whoever accepts it expects to pay heavily for the honor. No Lord Mayor ever emerges from the office without being at least $50,000 poorer for the experience; but the honor of Knighthood is invariably bestowed upon him, and his wife enjoys the distinction of being addressed as Lady. No Alderman who has passed the chair ever returns to it. Reelection to the office never occurs. No Alderman is willing to pay the tolls twice.

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The Man Who Reproved the Queen

QUEEN VICTORIA was once informed by the manager of her Shaw farm that Mr. Elliott, a Scotch farmer, was a breeder of superior collie dogs, and she expressed a wish to possess one of them. Accordingly, Mr. Elliott forwarded two beautiful dogs, and Her Majesty was so enraptured with them that she gave orders that the next time he came to the farm he should immediately be taken up to the castle.

Mr. Elliott was somewhat uneasy as to how he should comport himself in the presence of Royalty, and the manager spent a considerable time in putting him through his facings. At last the day arrived, and he was ushered into the presence of the Queen.

Her Majesty shook hands with him, and said:

"Oh, Mr. Elliott, I have to thank you for the two beautiful collies you sent me!"

And to this gracious remark Mr. Elliott replied:

"Touts, touts, wumman! haud yer tongue! haud yer tongue! What's the maitter o' a pair o' dowgs between you and me?"

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The Human Mind Never Sleeps

WHEN a man is in the excited state of alcoholism—that is, has had a quantity of alcohol sufficient, not to intoxicate him, but to stimulate the processes of his thought—we find him talking rapidly and vividly, and, if we are ourselves the man, we find ourselves thinking in pictures with very great rapidity—that is, each thought or mental picture leads instantly to another, says the National Review. But we know this to be morbid, and the result of alcohol poisoning. And we know it to be disastrous to the brain to repeat this process often.

In persons of a certain temperament, called sensitive or emotional, any little disturbance in circumstance, or a chance word, will, in the same way, set the mind off. It may happen even without a marked cause at all. Such a one will, in body, compose himself to sleep, but that is not what his mind is proposing. It passes from thought to thought, from memory to memory, from picture to picture, and at last the very possibility of sleep departs. By morning the wearied brain is unable to work, and a few more such nights would mean insanity or apoplexy. This form of wear and tear of brain, like the alcohol, is morbid. No one would deny that. Yet that is what we all do, in lesser degree. It is an example of an extreme degree of that utter uncontrol, and unconcentration of thought, of which every one of us is in lesser degree guilty, and as in this form the brain may be destroyed unless help comes in a few days, so in the course of years we, perhaps, all destroy our brains and die prematurely from useless wear and tear, due to unconcentrated, constantly wandering weakness of thought.

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The World's Most Deadly Poison

IN LONDON is a strange establishment behind a wilderness of warehouses and tumble-down tenements, in a remote suburb. Its massive gates, says the Interior, are locked and jealously guarded. A visitor must not only be careful where he steps and refrain from touching; he must also breathe with great caution. One of the terrible poisons manufactured here is pure anhydrous acid, a drug seldom seen outside a chemical laboratory. This is the deadliest of all known poisons. The discoverer was stricken dead from inhaling its fumes. From three to five per cent of this chemical added to ninety-five or ninety-seven parts water makes prussic acid. This diluted poison causes instant death even when taken in minute quantities. Last year they turned out over 1000 tons of it. Five grains being a fatal dose, the annual output would be sufficient to kill 2,500,000 people. In the workroom men are gathered around a witch's caldron containing over a hundredweight of molten cyanide. The seething mass of white-hot liquid poison, with the lambent play of the furnace fires, the phantom faces of the workmen enveloped in an uncanny looking-glass mask, peering into the heart of the dreadful mixture through the thick atmosphere, make a terrible sight. In another room, where are tons of the finished product looking like crystallized sugar, "good enough to eat," one man is never allowed alone. For some inexplicable reason, it exercises a strange fascination for the men who inhale its fumes. They are haunted by a desire to eat it. But, knowing that satisfying the craving means instant death, most, but not all, resist it.

Memoirs and Letters of Chancellor Kent

By WILLIAM KENT

FROM "a poor clerk to an attorney, with all his property confined to his chest," as he describes himself in one of his letters, James Kent rose to be Chancellor of the State of New York. His story, as it is told in the recently issued Memoirs and Letters of Chancellor Kent, by his great grandson, Mr. William Kent, of the New York Bar, is the life record of one who, as student, as lawyer, and as Judge, was industrious, faithful, and conscientious.

A sentence in one of his early letters gives the motive of this life, for in it he says: "I have a thirst for knowledge and a determination to put in a claim for some of those honors which imprint immortality on characters; and this thirst and this determination, I trust, under Providence, will lead me forward to some of these good and generous actions, and that sacred integrity of conduct and principle, which will render me not a dishonorable object to the few who love me." And with this ideal constantly before him we can understand how the young man developed into the Chancellor whose Commentaries have achieved the distinction of a first place in American legal literature.

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James Kent came of New England stock. His father, Moss Kent, both farmer and lawyer in a small way, established himself in Dutchess, now Putnam, County, New York, and there, in 1763, the future Chancellor was born. In 1781 he took his degree from Yale as Bachelor of Arts. Then, after three years of service in the law office of Judge Benson, of Albany, he was admitted to the Bar of the Supreme Court in January, 1785. Writing of his condition at this time, he says: "I was twenty-one, and married, without one cent of property; for my education exhausted all my kind father's resources and left me in debt four hundred dollars, which took me two or three years to discharge. Why did I marry? I answer that, at the farmer's house where I boarded, one of his daughters, a little, modest, lovely girl of fourteen, gradually caught my attention and insensibly stole upon my affections, and, before I thought of love or knew what is was, I was most violently affected. I was twenty-one and my wife sixteen when we married, and that charming and lovely girl has been the idol and solace of my life."

From this time on we find the young lawyer diligently applying himself to his profession, and studying to supplement and round out the rather meager education which the college of that day afforded. He read Smollett's History of England, made several volumes of manuscript notes of Hume's History, abridged Hale's History of the Common Laws, and made a manuscript digest of Rapin's dissertation on the laws and customs of the Anglo-Saxons. Touching on the subject of his classical studies, he tells us:

"At the June circuit, in 1786, I saw Edward Livingstone, and he had a pocket Horace and read some passages to me, and pointed out their beauties, assuming that I well understood Horace. I said nothing, but was struck with shame and mortification. I purchased immediately Horace and Virgil, a dictionary and grammar, and a Greek lexicon and grammar, and the Testament, and I formed my resolution, promptly and decidedly, to recover the lost languages. I studied in my little cottage mornings, and devoted an hour to Greek and an hour to Latin daily. I soon increased it to two for each tongue in the twenty-four hours."

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In the same spirit he pursued his other studies, so dividing his day and systematizing his work that he was able to cover an almost incredible amount of ground. At the same time he was slowly but steadily advancing in his profession.

In 1894, Mr. Kent found a new era opening for him. He had been elected a member of the New York Assembly for Dutchess County, in May, 1890, and now he was chosen to fill the recently established chair of Laws in Columbia College. Here began his real career. Public honors came crowding fast upon him. In 1796, unsolicited and unexpected, the office of Master in Chancery was tendered to him by Governor Jay, though sixteen applicants were clamoring for it. Within less than a year from his appointment to this position he was elected a member of the Assembly from New York, and soon after he became a Recorder of the same city. In 1798 he was elevated to the bench of the Supreme Court, and moved once more, this time to Albany, where he made his headquarters for twenty-five years. Of his acceptance of this appointment he writes in his Memoranda, and perhaps nothing in them gives us a clearer insight into the character and aspirations of the man:

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"In February, 1798, I was appointed to the office of a Judge of the Supreme Court. This was the grand object of my ambition for several years past. It appeared to me to be the true situation for the display of my knowledge, talents and virtue, the happy means of placing me beyond the crowd and pestilence of the city, of giving me opportunities to travel, and to follow literary pursuits—a taste for which is, after all, the most solid and permanent of all sublunary enjoyments. By the acceptance of this office I renounced all my offices in New York, with all their accumulated income, and all my prospects of wealth, for a moderate but permanent support, for leisure to study, for more rural enjoyments, and for a more dignified reputation. Whether or no I judged well for my happiness must be left to the event to decide, and this depends also in a great degree upon my own taste and disposition. This is certain, that the mere men of business and of pleasure, who estimate happiness by income, and by the splendid luxuries of the city life, all condemned my choice as mad and absurd. But men of patriotism and reflection, who thought less of riches and more of character, if they did not approve, were yet more slow to condemn.

"My present impression is so unfavorable to public liberality and public justice, and to the belief of the eventual success and credit of firm and upright government, that I think it questionable whether I calculated well or ill when I abandoned the offices of Recorder and Master and took that of Judge.

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"I find myself now in the middle of life, and a sense of its value and rapidity to be greatly increased in my reflections. This urges upon me constantly the necessity of improving time with the utmost diligence, and constantly to make it subservient to all the noble purposes of social and domestic happiness, of public and private duty."

The condition of the Supreme Court at the time of his accession to the bench, as described by Hon. John Duer, was not such as the honor of the State and the interests of the public demanded. The Judges, though by no means deficient in learning and ability, discharged their duties in a very imperfect and unsatisfactory manner. Not only was there great delay in the determination of causes, but the decisions, when pronounced, were far from supplying the requisite proof of a mature consideration. The Judges' opinions, even in the most important cases, were seldom in writing, and no reports were published and no records preserved of the grounds on which their decisions were based. In order to redeem the character of the bench and of the Bar and the honor of the State, a great revolution had to be effected; and it was effected mainly by the efforts and example of the new Judge.

In every case that had been reserved for decision he prepared a written opinion, carefully prepared, clear in style, forcible in reasoning, and well sustained by references to authorities, while to his consideration of an argument he brought his vast store of legal learning and wide general reading. It soon became evident to his brother Judges that they must either surrender to their junior brother the effective control and administration of all the important business of the Court, or, if at all solicitous to maintain their own character and dignity, must follow his example. The result was the awakening of a spirit of emulation in the discharge of their duties, and in the space of a few years the Supreme Court of the State was placed on an elevation of dignity, authority, and influence that from that day to this present time it has continued to maintain.

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In 1823, at the age of sixty, Chancellor Kent retired from public office, and was reelected to his old professorship at Columbia. And now he began his work on those Commentaries which were to render his name immortal. The last years of his life were perhaps his happiest. Not until he was past eighty was there any evidence of a decline in his powers. Readers of Philip Hone's Diary will find this picture of him as he was in 1840:

"Cheerful, playful and instructive, such a mixture of learning and simplicity, a head so sound and a heart so light, a conscience free from reproach and an imagination poetical as that of a youthful lover. So much for good habits, early assumed and never departed from; industry, sobriety, a course of life void of offense before God and man, an enthusiastic love of literature and an habitual aversion to debt, that fell disturber of the happiness of professional men. Such was James Kent."

In his great grandson Chancellor Kent has found an ideal biographer, at once sympathetic and impartial. As it is handled by him, the story of this life presents us with a vivid picture of the men and events of the times of which it treats. There is much in the book that is interesting about Alexander Hamilton and Daniel Webster, both of whom were friends of Chancellor Kent. (Published by Little, Brown & Co., Boston.)

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The General Manager's Story, by Herbert E. Hamblen.—Much has been written of the romance of the rail, but little of the daily dangers of the men who sit in the engine-cabs, or dart along the bumping cars to answer the shrill blast for brakes. The General Manager rose from the ranks. In his time, he made the dreary round of the railroad yards, asking work. He slipped in between moving freight cars, coupling them as they ground together, or uncoupling them to make a flying switch. As fireman, he learned the whims and humors of an engine, so that later, when he became an engineer, he knew how to coax his charge over the long, hard grades. Step by step, through hardships, difficulties and dangers, we follow him up to the General Manager's office. This is the value of Mr. Hamblen's work: that he deals with the actualities of the railroad man's daily life and work and develops to the full their human interest. (The Macmillan Company, New York.)

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From Tonkin to India, by Prince Henri d'Orleans.—These notes of a tour through the French possessions in Asia are fresh and valuable; for the Prince followed an untrodden road. His criticism of French colonial methods is severe. Contrasting them with the policy of the English, he says: "As I admire the work of the English, I look round upon ourselves, and think what is wanting to make our colonies prosperous like theirs. It is continuity of policy: it is the grand freedom of the colonist, backed up by his Government; it is a simplicity of administration in the hands of able men, who know their way, and take it." The volume is handsomely illustrated. (Dodd, Mead & Co., New York.)

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